AUG 23 1941

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXII. No. 544 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1941 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	73
THE SINEWS OF WAR	75
RUSSIA'S ECONOMIC POTENTIAL	75
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic	77
THIS ENGLAND	77
ENFANT TERRIBLE. By Sagittarius	78
ARMY EDUCATION—THE CASE FOR COMPULSION. By C. E. M. Joad	78
THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS II	79
HENS. By Y. Y.	80
FATHER AND SON. By William Plomer	81
"ARTISTS OF FAME AND PROMISE." By Clive Bell	82
COUNTRY NOTES. By V. Sackville-West	82
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait	83
PLAYS AND PICTURES	83
CORRESPONDENCE	83
From Michael Young; Lionel Fielden; Indian Resident; Desmond Hawkins; John Healey; Charles Esam-Carter; F. J. Wittelshoefer; Margaret Taylor; Dorothy Plowman.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Peter Quennell.	85
REVIEWS:	
Back to Samuel Smiles. By Leonard Woolf	86
London's Burning. By G. W. Stonier	86
Reviews—*contd.*	Page
Cambridge Cram. By Raymond Mortimer	88
A Plan for Education. By C. E. M. Joad	90
Immortals. By Edwin Muir	92
Woolworth. By G. L. Schwartz	93
Canada and U.S.A. By W. K. Hancock	93
SHORTER NOTICES	94
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	94
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	96
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Urbanus	98

MR. CHURCHILL AND THE WORLD CRISIS

MR. ROOSEVELT has dispelled many illusions by telling Congress that the "international situation is not less grave, but far more grave than it was a year ago." Hitler seeks to smash the one land Power which can prevent Germany from obtaining undisputed control over the European, and perhaps the Asiatic, continent. Japan seizes her chance of further expansion in the Pacific. The Russians, who understand the tactics of Panzer divisions and know how to maintain resistance before and behind advancing tanks, are defending their country with united energy and impressive skill. The Soviet Air Force has disproved the prophecies of Colonel Lindbergh, and the Red Army shames the complacent pessimism of the War Office. Russia's mobilisation is only now becoming complete. The German advance is slower than Hitler expected and the further it goes the slower it becomes. But we must face the fact that the Germans have advanced far into Russia, and that if they should succeed in occupying the Ukraine and in reaching the industrial and oil resources of the Don and the Caucasus, or if, as seems possible, they switch the war through Turkey, they could recoup themselves at a stroke for their vast expenditure of the commodities they most need. Russian and British security are now one. If the Germans succeed in defeating Russia, who on the Continent will continue to believe in the chances of Allied victory? If Hitler conquers in the East he will have nothing to fear from that projected invasion supported by revolt on the Continent, by which alone, in the long run, he can be defeated. The signs of revolt, of which we hear so much at the moment, are not primarily a response to the V sign, bright spot in British propaganda though this is; in far greater measure they are the result of hope born of Russia's resistance. If that is crushed every dubious Government in Europe will march docilely behind the Führer; Britain will face open hostility from Spain, which may any day be brought into the war by Germany; the hesitations of Vichy will disappear; and the peace or military offensive with which Hitler will then confront Britain will be backed by the armed support of the Führer's continent.

No wonder, then, that men are everywhere asking whether there is nothing more that can be done to aid Russia—and ourselves—in this supreme crisis. Mr. Roosevelt may have turned the tide for us in the Battle of the Atlantic and British raids may cause inconvenience to Germany. But they do not bring either aeroplanes or tanks from the Eastern front, and Germany's main war potential is now out of the reach of British bombers. If we ask why there is no expedition to Europe, or, more hopefully, why numerous raids of the type that succeeded at Lofoten are not being carried out, we are told that British shipping and British production are alike inadequate. If this is the true answer, as we believe it to be, it forms a terrible commentary on the confusion of production during the last twelve months.

To-day, inevitably, all questions are directed to the Prime Minister. His immense services to the nation, his capacity for giving us heart and leadership, are universally acknowledged. But his impatience of criticism has led him to forget that the House in voicing the universal disquiet at the slowness of production is fulfilling its proper function. No doubt he intended once again to sweep away criticism with a triumph of parliamentary eloquence. Perhaps Lord Beaverbrook at the Ministry of Supply has let him know that the facts produced by Sir John Wardlaw-Milne and other responsible Members of the House were not the expression of factious sentiment, but of sober realities which could not be too openly expressed. Possibly Mr. Churchill will change his mind and appoint a Minister of Production. Perhaps he has begun to meet some of those innumerable public servants and technicians who despair of the British war effort as long as vested and personal interests continue to impede it. Mr. Churchill's latest batch of appointments have dismayed his most enthusiastic friends. Some of them may be good appointments, but others appear to be dictated by personal and party reasons rather than by consideration of capacity. The impression given is that the Prime Minister, necessarily overworked, cannot devolve work on other Ministers; that he fails to appoint men of first-class stature who can meet him on equal terms in the Cabinet, and prefers to place in

vacant offices men who are certain to re-echo all he himself says. May we remind him of a sentence in his own book, *The World Crisis* (Vol. III, p. 193):

> The temptation to tell a chief in a great position the thing that he most likes to hear is one of the commonest explanations of mistaken policy.

And the temptation of the chief himself in a great position to appoint only men who will say what he most likes to hear is the most common way for this most dangerous tendency to develop.

Japan on the Brink

In his first statement as Prime Minister in the new Cabinet, Prince Konoye told the world on Friday that he would do everything in his power to accomplish the "great ideal of founding an empire by overcoming all difficulties that may lie in his country's path." If Vichy France could be considered a difficulty in Japan's path, it is already surmounted. The Pétain Government's concessions in Indo-China amount to handing over the country to Japan. Japanese troopships have already moved from Hong Kong and the occupation of Camranh Bay will no doubt soon be a *fait accompli*. It will provide new air bases for an attack on Burma and a naval base within 750 miles of the Philippines, North Borneo and Malaya. Britain and America will not now resort to naval and military action, but discussions have recently taken place on economic measures. A boycott of Japanese goods and an embargo calculated to cripple Japan seem likely.

The Home Front (*By an Industrial Correspondent*)

The White Paper on wage policy shows that the Government is seriously concerned with the drift towards higher prices and wages, but that no satisfactory policy has been devised. The workers are reminded that higher wages will not under present circumstances produce bigger supplies. Hence "it is incumbent on employers and trade unions, with all the help the Government can give them, to do their best to prevent the costs of production from rising." The aim of policy, it says, should be the maintenance of wages and employees' remuneration at a reasonable level by improvement in the efficiency of production. This statement will obviously have a profound influence on the decision of the arbitrators in any wage dispute compulsorily submitted to them. The precedent set by the employers in the engineering trade basing their refusal to grant wage increases on grounds of higher policy will undoubtedly become a general practice, which will be—as the refusal to grant higher wages for agricultural labour shows—accepted by the Central Wage Board. Thus, in spite of the qualification in the White Paper that there may be "proper grounds for adjustment of wages in certain cases, particularly among comparatively low paid grades and categories of workers," this statement means in effect that we are going to have wages fixed at the present *status quo*, mainly determined by peace conditions, without planning. The measure of the failure to devise a wartime policy of fixing wages in relation to the urgency of jobs on the one hand and the cost of living on the other, is the mounting role which compulsion has to play in the mobilisation of man-power. And the measure of the failure of the T.U.C. is the impotence with which it has to watch the increase in compulsion unmatched by a State control of industry. The greatest critics of Trade Unions could not have made a more pessimistic forecast about the eventual outcome of Mr. Bevin's policy. Neither wage stabilisation nor direct taxation can stop inflation as long as rationing is not extended to cover all necessities. Increased wages, however, once the incomes are sterilised by rationing, are necessary to give an adequate share to labour in the current volume of savings.

* * *

The Select Committee on National Expenditure has now issued the report of a sub-committee which has been studying absenteeism in two filling factories. The main conclusions are, first, that absenteeism is serious, and secondly that it is largely due to bad transport facilities, lack of accommodation and canteen arrangements near the factories, and persistence with the seven-day week. One would have supposed that by this time everyone knew the seven-day week, even on a three-shift basis, to be an entirely unsound method of work. But apparently it goes on, in spite of every demonstration of its unsuitability, even at factories which belong to the Government and are run directly by the Ministry of Supply. In general, the effect of the report is to show that most of the absenteeism is not the fault of the workers, and it recognises that regular attendance is not to be expected under the conditions which now prevail. In particular, the report urges the abolition of Sunday work, save in quite exceptional emergencies, the placing on the Ministry of Supply of the "primary duty" of making proper transport arrangements, and the improvement of food supply at canteens. It also says that hostel charges are often too high in relation to the cost of lodgings, and makes proposals for readjusting wage-payments in connection with the change-over to a six-day working week. Thus, yet another inquiry reveals the continuance of conditions of serious muddle in organisation.

* * *

What has happened to the Board of Trade's great plans for the concentration of industry? Sir Andrew Duncan has announced that nearly 110,000 workers "have been released, or are being made available for release" under schemes now being put through. This seems a very small number, including, as it does, releases which are only prospective. The closing date for voluntary arrangements between firms has long gone by; but nothing has been heard of the compulsory arrangements which were to be imposed on businesses which failed to devise approved plans of their own. Does this mean that the new Minister is silently abandoning his predecessor's policy, as too disturbing to private enterprise, and that he is returning to the old plan of depending on rationing of materials as a means of preventing the misuse of labour and of squeezing out redundant firms? If so, the policy is radically wrong; for rationing of materials without concentration is the surest way of wasting labour and valuable factory space. Let us hope Sir Andrew Duncan does not mean this and is merely having a good think. Even so, he cannot afford to think too long.

Mr. Churchill and the House (*By our Parliamentary Correspondent*)

When the House met this week criticism of the Prime Minister was for the first time general and outspoken amongst Members. The majority of Members hesitate to pass judgment upon strategical questions upon which they are painfully aware of ignorance, but most Members of all parties are very fully informed upon industrial subjects. The ill-advised attempt of the Prime Minister to dismiss the criticisms expressed in the two days' debate on production as petulant quarrelling with the Government shook their belief not in the criticisms, but in the Prime Minister's judgment. The postponement of the debate means, it is hoped, that on investigation the Prime Minister has himself been forced to realise that the critics were right.

This deeply serious mood has been accentuated by the changes in the Government announced on Monday. When changes are announced there are always a few Members who suffer sharp disappointment at failure of their personal hopes, but the feeling engendered by the present changes is quite different in character. Members of all shades of opinion are pained at the undignified position in which the Prime Minister has placed himself. They dislike intensely the jokes, openly bandied about in the lobbies and outside, about the Prime Minister's failure to find a job for Vic Oliver. Duncan Sandys, it is universally felt, has not given proof of those unusual powers which alone would justify a Prime Minister, especially in wartime, in breaking the unwritten rule against the appointment of relatives when good alternatives exist.

Thurtle's appointment seems to have come as a shock to the Labour Party and to the House. For some time past the Labour Party has held the view that a Labour Parliamentary Secretary should be appointed to the Ministry of Information, but everyone assumed that Noel Baker, who possesses the requisite expert knowledge, would be appointed to the job. Conservatives are more deeply disturbed by Duff Cooper's proposed mission to the Far East, where they feel that the position is not at all likely to be eased by Mr. Duff Cooper's particular capacities. Mr. Ramsbottom's peerage and highly paid post are universally recognised as examples of party recognition of past services, totally out of place in the conditions of the present day. Why cannot the Prime Minister sack inconvenient members of his team in the good old-fashioned way? Does he carry his intolerance of criticism so far that he wishes to avoid speeches and explanations from retiring ministers from the traditional corner seat and the third bench below the gangway?

On two occasions the Prime Minister has given the country inestimable leadership, at the time of Dunkirk and over Russia. Will he now perform the greatest service of all by subordinating his intolerance of criticism in order to make our war effort more effective?

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow only the publisher or newsagent with a permit to post printed matter to certain countries. Readers are free to post to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

THE SINEWS OF WAR

NEXT week the House of Commons will again debate production, and its disquiet will not be allayed by rebukes or eloquence. Mr. Churchill now knows that he has misconceived both the intentions of the critics and the very nature of the production problem. That output is great and growing, nobody denies; there is no difficulty in so manipulating the perspective that the general picture becomes reassuring—particularly in comparison with the desperate shortage of 1940. But the generalities which the Prime Minister is apt to lay on with a broad and dashing brush are irrelevant to the constructive points made with informed authority by members of all parties—that there are still immense resources untapped or incompletely used; that defective organisation in detail is leading to serious bottlenecks and wastage of man-power; and that a machine run by bureaucracy superimposed on, but essentially governed by, private enterprise will not work with the efficiency which the need demands.

Production of the sinews of war is conditioned by three factors—labour, materials and plant. In no case can it be said that the problems involved have yet been adequately solved. The supply of trained labour, actual and prospective, is far from commensurate with the expansion of war factories. The Ministry of Labour, whose functions cannot be excluded from a debate on production, has failed to establish sufficient official training centres and has made too little effort to induce private firms to establish their own training schemes, for which financial assistance from the State would be essential in a capitalist economy. Not merely is labour shortage still being accentuated by calling up key men for military service, by the wasteful use (notably in aircraft factories) of skilled men in unskilled operations, and by competitive "poaching" of labour by firms engrossed in furthering their individual contracts and profits; the recruitment of women for munitions work has been on a completely inadequate scale. There is still much avoidable industrial fatigue—which is one reason for absenteeism. In terms both of billets and transport the task of reinforcing war industry's labour supply has been approached without sufficient vision and planning.

As for materials, existing shortages, which are leading to short time and "stand by" losses on a disquieting scale, are largely attributable to the absence of any authority responsible for making a survey of material requirements in such things as forgings, castings and alloy steels for, say, two years ahead, and for ensuring that future output shall be synchronised with the demand arising from the production programmes laid down by the Service Departments. In addition, there has been little or no effort made to rationalise the production of steel and other materials in accordance with total prospective demand. Lack of control over the steel industry, for example, has led, and still leads, to wasteful duplication of the same types of production in different mills.

Thirdly, though efforts have been made to augment the supply of machine tools both by domestic production and imports from the United States, it is common knowledge that shortage—particularly in respect of jigs and small tools such as cutters, drills and measuring instruments—is still acute. Here again there has been no adequate survey of resources and requirements; nothing adequate has been done to override the vested interests and patent rights which stand in the way of mass production of tools; the market in second-hand machine tools has been allowed to degenerate into a "racket," with the result that thousands of tools are standing idle in the hands of speculative dealers; and no plan has yet been developed for utilising the equipment and services of the countless small (and under-employed) engineering firms and garages throughout the country, whose contributions, individually puny, could be made collectively an impressive addition to output.

Furthermore, it is not merely a case of production being impeded by physical shortage of equipment; the use made of productive capacity is only too often obstructed by unscientific planning and ordering on the part of the "consumer" departments. Not merely are manufacturers plagued by "fancy" (and too frequently revised) designs unsuitable for mass production, and by needlessly elaborate specifications which often involve the use of scarce materials when a simpler substitute would suffice; the current method whereby contracts are awarded on price, without regard to the tenderer's immediate capacity and organisation, leads to two grave evils. Production is frequently delayed by a contractor's having to "tool up" for work not previously performed in his factory, while the previous contractor's experience and tools are temporarily wasted; and sub-contracts placed similarly—to augment the main contractor's profit—on the "lowest price" basis lead to yet more "re-tooling" and interruptions to output. Finally, the various "consumer" departments not merely spread among numerous manufacturers orders for similar types of equipment whose production could be much more cheaply centralised in one or two works; a constant source of delays and disturbances in the flow of production is the failure of the Services to plan sufficiently far ahead and place orders for a complete programme instead of spasmodic batches, for each of which a hasty scramble for material occurs.

From this brief analysis of some of the more glaring defects in the present organisation of war production two main conclusions emerge. First, the Ministry of Supply and other Departments concerned with the ordering and manufacture of munitions require to be drastically overhauled and to some extent restaffed. Not merely has there been a fatal tendency towards over-centralisation, with faulty liaison between Whitehall and Area staffs; huge, unwieldy departments have been created and set cumbrously in motion on traditional Civil Service lines, with the result that initiative and boldness of planning have been at a discount; the available talent among the ranks of production engineers has not been enrolled; errors and omissions have occurred through official ignorance of practical engineering considerations.

More important, however, is the absence of a central authority—call it Ministry of Production or Production Executive, as you will—vested with full powers both to co-ordinate and rationalise the "consumer" departments' demands and also to plan and enforce, from the standpoints of labour supply, materials and optimum utilisation of plant, efficient exploitation of our total war-industry resources. The present attempt to reduce the chaos of private enterprise to order by applying to industry the leisurely methods of the Office of Works is, at best, 75 per cent. of a success; and that is not good enough. Nor can the problem be solved by installing Lord Beaverbrook temporarily in each production department as "booster." His methods may be immediately useful in giving a transient fillip to sectional output; their consequences are dislocations and shortages elsewhere. What the situation demands is an authority whose duty it is both to stimulate production and to ensure that its flow is balanced. Tank parts must not be secured at the expense of aircraft components; steel must not be diverted to the Admiralty if a fatal War Office shortage is the result. Total production must be planned and foreseen, and every available machine and pair of skilled and unskilled hands must be mobilised for the job. The whole is more important than any single part; and no consideration must be given to entrenched interests or peacetime values and practices. Industry must be pooled so that considerations of individual financial survival shall not impede the war effort.

In implying that he alone, as Defence Minister, can give a comprehensive and balanced account of our war production, Mr. Churchill has tacitly admitted that no departmental Minister is in a position to see the whole picture. That is precisely the point made by critics, who complain that competitive and overlapping departmental orders and rivalries are causing confusion and delays. But, if the Prime Minister makes this admission, what is to be thought of his, so far, steadfast refusal to delegate to a single Minister the responsibility for rationalising production? His own interests lie in strategy, not in the dull but vital work of organising industry. He has no knowledge of business methods nor has he an aptitude for mastering detail. In the field of production there is a compelling case for the delegation of authority to a member of the War Cabinet with the status of deputy Prime Minister. Mr. Churchill will do harm to his own reputation, as well as grave injury to the nation's interests, if he exposes himself to the charge that he prefers to reign supreme among departmental mediocrities rather than concede to another the authority which a chief executant for production must wield if the Services are to be provided with the industrial backing which alone can give the fighting men a reasonable chance of victory.

RUSSIA'S ECONOMIC POTENTIAL

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

ON the strength of her vast and varied natural resources Russia is on a par with the United States and the British Empire, reckoned as a single unit. Recent territorial acquisitions have raised her area to 8,348,000 square miles and population to 193 millions. In a normal agricultural year the Soviet Union grows more than ample food-grains, fodder crops, oilseeds and sugar. She is self-sufficient in flax and cotton, while tea, tung-oil trees and rubber plants are being cultivated on a much larger scale than ever before. Planned economy

and collectivisation of farms are the two outstanding features of Soviet agriculture. The wooden plough has given place to the harvester and the combine, making greater demands on domestic mineral-oil production. The average size of a modern Russian farm is 2,500 acres, lending itself admirably to mechanisation and the adoption of scientific methods. Thanks to her mounting gold output in recent years she has been under no compelling necessity to force on foreign markets her food-grains, which are used locally to raise the standards of life of her citizens and to build up substantial reserves. The country's food-processing industries—canning factories, meat combines, cold storage plants and margarine manufacturing works—have made marked progress in the last fifteen years. Russia possesses a third of the world's total timber resources. Her forests (four-fifths coniferous and the rest largely deciduous) have a yearly growth of 1,300 million cubic metres, of which only about 350 millions are cut.

Vast as are her agricultural and forest resources and assured her food, fodder, fat, fibre (for the most part) and timber supplies, it is the discovery and development of important mineral deposits that have transformed a relatively backward agricultural country into a first-rate industrial power. The Soviet Union is now known to possess substantial reserves of coal and lignite, petroleum, natural gas and oil shale among fuel minerals; ample iron, manganese and chrome ores for her steel and special steels industry; huge reserves of bauxite, magnesite, copper and zinc ores among light and base metals; adequate supplies of lead and virtually inexhaustible phosphate and potash deposits. Her endowment of gold and platinum metals is generous, while that of asbestos is large. But Russia is deficient in tin, tungsten, nickel and sulphur among major industrial minerals. For tin she relies on Allied sources, for nickel on Canada (she is also interested in working the Finnish Petsamo nickel mines), for tungsten on China, for sulphur and molybdenum (a useful partial substitute for tungsten), largely on the United States.

Russia's mining and metallurgical industries have grown greatly in the inter-war years. From Moscow the valuable minerals of Urals are 1,000 miles east, the most productive oil-wells 1,500 miles south, the base metals of Kazakstan 2,000 miles south-east and the phosphate deposits of the Kola peninsula 1,400 miles north. The 1,400-mile coal-to-iron haul from the Kuznetsk coal basin to the Urals iron ore deposits must be made by rail, there being no chain of Great Lakes as in North America. All these have entailed an enormous initial outlay on inland transport and imposed some strain on the transport system. Between 1913 and 1938 Russian coal production rose from 29 to 113 million tons, oil from 9.2 to 29 million tons, pig iron 4 to 15 million tons and ingot steel from 4 to 18.5 million tons. At the end of 1940 output of oil was running at the annual rate of 35 million tons, pig iron 17 million tons and raw steel 21 millions. Domestic mines and smelters satisfy some three-fifths of the country's current copper and lead and virtually the whole of its spelter and aluminium requirements:

SMELTER PRODUCTION (METRIC TONS) AND CONSUMPTION

		1929.	1937.
Copper ..	Production	30,000	92,500
	Consumption	55,000	157,800
Lead ..	Production	6,000	55,000
	Consumption	50,000	97,400
Spelter ..	Production	3,200	70,000
	Consumption	37,000	97,400
Aluminium	Production	Nil	45,000
	Consumption	6,000	47,000

Twenty-two years ago, when Russia was temporarily deprived of the Ukraine, Lenin forecast the eastward shift of industry. But the actual industrialisation of Asiatic Russia is due to Stalin. This vast territory was split up into several autonomous industrial regions to reduce the burden of transport charges and strengthen the strategic security of the Union. The Ural-Kuznetsk Combine, constituting the coal, metal and machine-building base for the industrialisation of Central Asia, is a child of the second Five-Year Plan. The Angara-Eniseik Combine, being completed under the third Five-Year Plan, will do similar service for the Baikal region. Thus many of Russia's new heavy industrial centres, armament and munition works are relatively safe from the attacks of enemy bombers. This planned dispersal of capital and defence industries cannot fail to prove a pillar of strength to the Soviet Union during the present emergency. During the Four Years' War the country had no chemical industry worth mentioning, and its engineering industry was in its infancy. The emergence during the last decade of the Russian engineering industry marks a milestone in her industrial progress. In 1935 the machine-making industry turned out products weighing 15 times as much as those of 1913. And according to Voznesensky, Chairman of the State Planning Commission, while the value of Russia's industrial output rose 44 per cent. in the last three years, from 95,500 million roubles in 1937 to 137,500 millions last year, that of the machine-building industry increased by 76 per cent. In the three years ended 1940, 2,900 new factories, plants, mines, electrical power stations and other undertakings were launched. They included new collieries with 51 million tons output capacity, power stations with aggregate capacity exceeding 2.4 million kilowatts, and blast furnaces capable of producing 2.9 million tons of pig iron. The engineering industry now turns out machine tools, chemical, electrical, mining and metallurgical equipment; tanks, tractors, automobiles and aircraft and arms and ammunition. The foundries at Kramatorsk have twice the capacity of Krupp's in Essen and produce castings weighing 180 tons. The Savoid Gorki is a replica of the River Rouge plant of the Ford organisation and designed to turn out 230,000 motor cars a year. Two of the world's largest tractor factories are at Stalingrad and Cheliyabinsk, which could be turned over to small tank production in no time. At the end of 1940 there were 356 factories for manufacturing airframes, aero-engines and instruments and accessories, with a rated capacity of 3,000 planes a month. The Russian Army has over 375 "secret" plants for making munitions scattered all over the country. Russia's chemical combines manufacture a wide range of dyes, explosives, fertilisers, drugs and pharmaceuticals, synthetic ammonia and toxic gases. The Yaroslav, Voronesh and Efremov plants produce synthetic rubber. But then Russia is a newcomer in the industrial sense and peasants cannot be transformed into skilled mechanics by decree overnight. Furthermore, the Russian worker has little ready technical aid close at hand, with the result his productive efficiency suffers in comparison with those of Western European and American factory hands. Much of the success of the country's earlier industrialisation plans was due to imports of machine tools and other capital equipment and assistance meted out by foreign experts and skilled key personnel from the United States, Great Britain and Germany. Some light on Russia's industrial production and war expenditure is thrown by Mr. Colin Clark:

Country	Working Population in 1939 (millions)	Real Production in Millions of International Units 1929.	1939.	% Spent on War.	Amount per Year spent on War.
Russia ..	65.0	14,710	24,200	25	6,050
U.S.A. ..	53.9	79,000	95,400	8	7,850
Britain ..	23.7	23,112	29,054	48	14,000

Bearing in mind the fact that the amount spent on war by Germany, including occupied countries, and Italy equals 29,000 million international units, and that the Nazis are throwing their entire weight on Russia, it is obvious Russia needs external support. It is true that the Soviet Union has numbers on her side, and long before the "strength through joy" movement was launched by the Nazis the cult of physical fitness, encouragement of sport and provisions for healthy use of leisure were commonplace in Russia. The most pressing needs of the Union are certain critical items of material like machine tools, aviation spirit, oil-drilling equipment, molybdenum, nickel, copper, lead, rubber, industrial diamonds, etc., and also technical personnel such as engineers and repair squads to keep production going and maintain transport and supplies—just the sort of help Mr. Churchill had in mind when he spoke of "technical and material" assistance. For its swift accomplishment the United States must reverse the policy it pursued since the Soviet-Finnish episode, which, we are glad to observe, she is now doing. The Soviet Union might again be deprived of the Ukraine—the granary, sugar-bowl and one of the principal coal, steel and aluminium-producing centres of the Union. It certainly can stand that shock. But the loss of the Caucasian oilfields, accounting for over four-fifths of the Union's petroleum production, would be irreparable. It would paralyse her mechanised agriculture and render her industrially sterile and militarily impotent. That must not be allowed to happen.

In the meanwhile, Russia has made history by standing up to the aggressor for more than a month. Nay, she has done more. By systematic and successful air attacks on Rumania's oil refineries and oil ports she is adding to the supply problems of the German High Command. Finally, General Ludendorff has said: "Only a people's war blazing up all over the country can rob the victor of the fruits of his victory." To the Russians this *is* a people's war *par excellence*. The successful guerilla tactics of the Soviet forces on the one hand and the systematic execution of the Stalin's "scorched earth" policy by the Russians on the other are robbing the greedy Germans of the fruits of victory. On these three counts our indebtedness to Russia is more than most of us realise at the moment.

A LONDON DIARY

THE peculiar advantage of Mr. Brendan Bracken at the Ministry of Information is that as a close friend of Mr. Churchill he will be in a better position to explain what is wrong and to insist on the kind of powers which he needs for the job. He has a great capacity for work; in this he will contrast favourably with Mr. Duff Cooper in this office. He has a very alert and receptive mind and a great reputation as an amusing conversationalist. The fact that he has brought away from the City economic ideas which are a generation out of date may not at the moment be important. He is likely, I think, to have a far better realisation than his predecessors of the meaning of propaganda, and to be less under the thumb of the service departments. He should recognise a news story when he sees one. Everyone will miss Harold Nicolson from the Ministry. True, a diplomatic training is not the best for a political post that needs drive, and Nicolson is not sufficiently thick-skinned to occupy the post of professional whipping boy. We shall miss his broad and humane approach to public affairs at the Ministry, and we shall look to him to remedy some of the deficiencies of the B.B.C. He should make an excellent Governor, though, if Mr. Butler was to move from the Foreign Office, Nicolson would seem to have been a natural successor. Mr. Butler is a man of exceptional ability—whether he will find scope for it in the present circumstances at the Board of Education I don't know.

* * *

An admirable example of the antediluvian attitude of the Admiralty in regard to news was presented to Mr. Brendan Bracken on the day of his arrival at the Ministry of Information. The story has at last leaked out that some of the sailors on the *Bismarck* had not wished to die for the Führer. The story, as the *Evening Standard* was quick to realise, had the greatest and most legitimate propagandist value. Of all the German services the navy has been most carefully picked; it was the mutiny at Kiel that sounded the death-knell of the Kaiser's regime. Here is the first authentic case of the rank and file revolting against Nazi orders. The story has been fully known to the Admiralty ever since the *Bismarck* went down. Why has it been kept from the public? Why has no use been made of it? Because the Admiralty feel that it is "not gentlemanly" to make capital out of the German naval command's difficulties, and because they think it detracts from the British Navy's exploits to suggest that not every German sailor was ready for death and glory. When analysed, it will be seen that this means that the Admiralty is instinctively in sympathy with the Command and against mutiny, even when it occurs on an enemy ship.

* * *

The meeting about Russia at the Stoll inspired all sorts of people of very different political views who attended it. Michael Foot's speech moved everyone. Harry Pollitt, Frank Owen and Aneurin Bevan were all on the top of their form. The place was packed, there was an overflow meeting and many were turned away. No doubt, since Harry Pollitt was speaking, the majority of the audience was Communist. That should have pleased the authorities, since we are in alliance with Russia, but I doubt if it did. We ought to have many other such meetings with speakers who attract a less converted audience, for Russia's resistance has engendered an immense enthusiasm among people everywhere, irrespective of party.

* * *

I am glad that an American unit took only 15 minutes to capture a brigade headquarters in a recent manoeuvre in this country. It may persuade Mr. Churchill to talk to some of the younger soldiers. I have constantly recalled in recent conversations with young officers how Mr. Lloyd George was forced to seek out obscure men in order to learn what he could not learn from the Army Council. One of these young soldiers described to me almost in desperation the other day the utter inadequacy of the defences of the aerodromes with which he was particularly concerned. Another was almost beside himself with trying to persuade the authorities to adopt modern methods of coastal defence. They explained that we had had a regular army of about 100,000 men, and it was always assumed that these regular officers were qualified for all key posts by their experience of tactics. Actually this experience is fatal, for they have no knowledge at all of the kind of war that is being fought. Many of the young men who have only gone recently into the Army from other professions have the qualifications of the men who now lead the German Army; they are keen, energetic and have a scientific outlook. If the war goes on long enough they will be at the top. On the analogy of the last war that should be after many more reverses and in another two years. But we may not have two years, and if we cannot learn from Norway, Flanders, Greece and Crete, we may get no further opportunity. We shall not have an opportunity of learning from the battle of Kent, if that, too, is a defeat.

* * *

In its issue of May 3rd this journal had something to say about the attitude of the Ministry of Pensions in the case of men passed fit for the Army, subsequently discharged as unfit and then refused a pension or grant on the alleged ground that their disability was not caused or aggravated by service in the Army. These men have been passed into the Army by boards of presumed medical experts; clearly the onus of any error or omission in diagnosis should lie with the authorities. At that time the Minister admitted that many men who ought never to have been accepted were taken into the Forces, but he refused to accept the logical responsibility for the Army's mistakes. The Ministry has now changed its attitude. Where a man has been passed Category A for the Army that means that he is accepted as fit; if he is afterwards discharged as medically unfit the Government has decided that he will be eligible for pension. The principle involved is an important one at any time; when the State exercises compulsory powers over the individual it must accept the onus for any hardship associated with its errors. At present the State has powers to conscript citizens, even to detain them without trial, and equally drastic powers over property. If, for example, the Courts rule that a person has been illegally detained we do not want a Minister, even a Labour Minister, to dismiss the question of compensation with the jocular remark that the victim enjoyed good weather in the Isle of Man.

* * *

Alfred Barnes, Chairman of the Co-Operative Party and director of *Reynolds News*, made an interesting speech at the lunch organised to launch the Anglo-Chinese Development Society. It is indeed an encouraging sign that at such a time a society should be formed to send help to the village industries that have sprung up in the hitherto almost undeveloped areas into which the Chinese have retreated and from which they defy Japan. The first transaction, I understand, is to be the purchase of wool-spinning machinery, since this is the most urgent need of the China Industrial Corporation. Mr. Barnes pointed out that in a hundred years of co-operation in this country, the greatest achievement had been the development of the self-reliance of common people. In organising support for the Industrial Co-operatives in China the first step is taken in developing international co-operation, economic as well as political, between peoples, rather than between governments.

* * *

Can one refuse an honour from the Crown? Apparently one may not even know that it is being conferred. Take the case of my friend X. He picked up the paper and seeing the list of honours announced that day remarked to his companion: "I can't be bothered to look through this list of toadies." His companion cast his eye down the list and found X's name among them. X was furious, but there was no escape. He is for ever Mr. X (decorated).

* * *

A good story of the week relates to Lord Halifax's Western trip. One of his henchmen earnestly assured the train-man that he would find his lordship a thoroughly democratic fellow. "He'll find me just the same," said the train-man cheerfully.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to R. Hardy.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

We then observed Lord Halifax, his foot firmly on the dead man's pedal, hit up the speed of the train to 95 m.p.h., while Lady Halifax contributed spirited hoots on the whistle.—*News Chronicle.*

Arrangements are being made, I was reliably informed last night, to exempt domestic servants from the industrial call-up for women.

The decision has been taken because certain highly placed people realised that they would be servantless if their household staff were to be drafted into the war factories.—*Sunday Pictorial.*

"A feeling spread abroad in some quarters that senior officers are a lot of old blimps is not shared by the War Office," he declared.—*Financial Secretary of the War Office.*

Two Hunts recruits have gone into Beds to do horticulture with Mr. Weed. —*The Land-girl.*

A big effort to improve the intellectual standard of Conservative M.P.s is behind the Party chief's move to make character and ability, rather than wealth, the qualifications for adopting Parliamentary candidates.—*Evening Standard.*

ENFANT TERRIBLE

"The Russian system is hated all over Britain."— Sir Ronald Cross

ALTHOUGH right-minded Britons hate
The system of the Soviet State,
A scene they cannot contemplate
Without an inward groan,
The proletarian Russian folk
Who grunt and sweat beneath the yoke
Can yet a striking power invoke
Almost to match our own.

The Soviet worker toils and fights
According to his godless lights
And for his economic rights
Does not appear to care,
And though his life we cannot praise,
Despite his atheistic ways,
That scorn of worldly goods displays
Which makes our lives a prayer.

For all his impious ideal
Such is his communistic zeal
His Government need not appeal
For willing hearts and hands,
He never seems to weigh the price
When asked for total sacrifice,
A course against all sound advice
In less fanatic lands.

His savings he does not invest
In bonds and loans at interest,
His war-drive he does not arrest
To further private greed,
He takes the unenlightened view
The Soviet State will see him through
And everyone receive his due
According to his need.

He is so certain of their aims
He gives his homestead to the flames
Without first putting in his claims,
His reason is so dull,
His slogan as he carries on
Is One for All and All for One,
In his outlandish lexicon
Is no such word as lull.

And single-minded to a fault
He hurls his body down to halt
A hitherto unchecked assault,
While all his actions tell
He knows what he is fighting for,
So, though the thought may be a bore,
If he should chance to win the war
He wins the peace as well.

SAGITTARIUS

ARMY EDUCATION—THE CASE FOR COMPULSION

[Since this article was written we understand that the Army is about to adopt a system of compulsory education, with training-time, about Current Affairs. At last, we are told, someone has realised the force of Cromwell's comment that the citizen-soldier is one who "knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows." The men who have tumbled to this truth are Sir Ronald Adam (Adjutant-General) and General Willans (Director of Welfare). They are credited with a welcome determination to see that the troops have information about Current Affairs, home and foreign, and also the opportunity to *discuss* them. A new branch is to be set up in the War Office, a branch called A.B.C.A. (Army Bureau of Current Affairs), and from this branch will go forth fortnightly directives which, interpreted by Regimental Officers, will become the basis for daily discussion by the troops, of what is going on in the world. We shall watch the experiment with the greatest interest. —ED. *N.S. & N.*]

To give a balanced picture of education in the Army is an undertaking of considerable difficulty. The field is vast, the wealth of data prodigious, and not less impressive than its wealth is its variety. Of recent months there has been a spate of articles, and a number of papers, notably this journal and *Picture Post*, have featured letters from men serving in H.M. Forces. Nevertheless, in spite of its difficulty, it is, as I shall try to show, highly desirable that the attempt should be made.

On March 1st Mr. W. E. Williams, one of the two Civilian Liaison Education Officers to the Forces, wrote an article in this journal describing the Haining scheme. The scheme envisaged three sources of educational supply: first, the Regional Committees for Adult Education in the armed Forces, based upon the Extra-Mural Departments of the Universities plus representation from the W.E.A. Local Authorities and other educational bodies; secondly, local sources drawn from the Army itself; and, thirdly, local sources drawn from the environment in which a particular unit happens to be situated. Of these sources the first is by far the most important. The scheme also provided for the appointment in each unit of a Unit Education Officer who was charged with the duty not only of ascertaining but of stimulating educational demand, and transmitting this demand through the proper channels to the supplying agency. Thus a particular unit might opt for a course on International Affairs; a request for a lecturer would be transmitted to the appropriate Regional Committee, and in due course a lecturer on International Affairs would appear. Such, very briefly, was the scheme. It had, of course, its critics; Army education, it was complained, was not sufficiently differentiated from Army welfare and army entertainment, while too much, it was feared, depended on the attitude of the local C.O., who could, it was obvious, make the thing work or crab it at will. But taking it by and large, most of us agreed that the scheme was a very good scheme; good, that is to say, on paper. But how were its provisions to be translated into practice? It was only with the New Year that the scheme began to get under way; to-day, when it has been in active operation for seven months, the outlines of a picture are at last beginning to appear. What sort of picture is it?

He who would attempt to answer this question finds himself beset by a mass of wildly contradictory evidence. As he reads it, he finds it difficult to avoid the impression that it is impossible for an observer to make any statement which is not immediately dismissed as a travesty of the facts by some other observer. Here, for example, is an area, let it be named—that it may have the credit of its record—the area of the Bangor Regional Committee, which runs courses of lectures in History (British, local, European and World), Natural Science, Psychology, Economics, Literature, Politics, War Topics. There are compulsory period lectures with attendances of as many as 600, voluntary lectures with attendances from six to 300, and classes forming continuous courses extending over a considerable period with an average attendance of a dozen or more; what is more all these educational activities have been in progress more or less continuously since the beginning of 1940. Here is another, which shall be nameless, in which the situation is typified by the following report:

> To my knowledge the Unit Education Officer has not carried out any practical scheme. About six weeks ago a notice was given out that correspondence courses were to be made available, the entrance fee being 10s. Then, a fortnight later, names were asked for in connection with evening classes at a technical school in the nearby town. I gave my name in for both, but nothing has since been heard of either of these courses. Apparently the Education Officer only collected names for record purposes.

Here everything is done to stimulate the demand for education and to arouse the men's interest; there, the C.O. parades the men and introduces the subject with the question, "Anybody want to go back to school?" followed by a contemptuous guffaw.

Where the numbers are so large and the conditions so variable, this diversity of evidence is no doubt inevitable, but it makes a balanced verdict on the workings of the scheme difficult to reach. One turns gratefully to a report recently completed by Mass-Observation, at the request of the 1941 Committee. It is based on material sent in by the many voluntary observers in the Army, most of whom kept diaries from the first. During the six weeks from the middle of March to the end of April they were specially asked to collect and send in material relative to education. The resultant report treats education not as an isolated activity, but in the general setting of the soldier's work, leisure, entertainment, welfare, hopes and needs.

It is impossible to summarise the whole of the material thus presented, but certain things stand out. For example, the bulk of the lectures given are on "school" subjects or on vocational subjects;

that is, they teach arithmetic and they teach book-keeping. The importance of such lectures is obvious, but in no liberal sense of the word do they constitute "education." There is a comparative absence of lectures on political and social topics and international affairs. We tell men that it is their job to fight; we do not tell them what are the origins or the background of the conflict or the purposes which it has in view. Nor do we educate them in the principles which should govern the making of the world after the war. Theirs, in fact, still "not to reason why."

In the great majority of cases the lectures are given in recreation time. Now you cannot expect people, many of whom left school at 14 and are glad of it, who are now accordingly without the habit and technique of learning, who instinctively think of Army education as a very inferior sort of entertainment where they do not think of it as a humiliating return to school, who, moreover, have already had three hours' army lecturing during the day—you cannot, I say, expect such men to flock out of office hours to further lectures whose use and purpose are not apparent to them. Nor do they. Nor indeed would they, even if the educational facilities were trumpeted abroad and brought persuasively to their attention. But they are not.

> "There is no suggestion," says the report, "that a determined effort is made to persuade men to attend lectures, and usually their attention is only drawn to them in the very unreliable manner of the above or by a bald announcement and collection of names."

"The above" is the following extract from an observer's report:

> Evening classes advertised by typewritten notice on Battery notice boards about once a month. It was two months before I heard of them. Nazi lectures made known by printed handbills put up in Y.M.C.A. and Church Hut, also announced on Battery order board and by notices in Barrack room. No other encouragement.

As a result of this lack of publicity it is still true that only a small minority are affected by the existing educational facilities. That many more—how many more it is impossible to estimate—would be affected, *if* the scheme were given the prestige it deserves, it is hard not to believe. For it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that a vast number of men running literally to millions is consumed with boredom and loneliness; that they do not know how to make use of their leisure—those parts of Mass-Observation's report describing the use and endurance of leisure, the inability to read, the wandering aimlessly round the barracks or up and down the streets of the neighbouring towns, the pathetic attempts to make contact with a civilian family in the hope of entering a home where one can sit by the fire and have a bath . . . convey a terrible impression of boredom, dreariness—that their reading matter, both in the matter of books and of papers, is of a lower quality than that of civilians, that they talk little and know less about the war, that their energies run to waste, their minds grow dull and their faculties rot. . . .

Now it is no doubt possible to discount a good deal of this. Some degree of boredom in the Army there has always been. Boredom is an inevitable part of Army life, and no scheme that the wit of man can devise can wholly remove it. Again, there is some reason to think that Mass-Observation's observers, being more intelligent than most, are more prone to boredom than most. Moreover, many units are training so hard that the men have neither the time nor the energy for education, and ask nothing better than to sit back and rest when the day's work is done. (This applies even more strongly in the R.A.F. than in the Army.) Finally, conditions, as has already been said, vary enormously from unit to unit. There is evidence in many cases that educational facilities are adequate, and that the C.O. does everything in his power to encourage his men to take advantage of them. (The War Office, moreover, seems genuinely anxious that the scheme should succeed, and does what it can to ensure its success.)

But when all allowance is made for these considerations, the plain truth seems to be that a vast number of men are left with large tracts of unoccupied leisure time upon their hands, that they have little chance of education, even if they happen to want it, and that, when it is available, little is done to make them want it, so that, whether you think of education as a thing desirable in itself or as a necessary measure for the mitigation of the intolerable boredom of Army life, or as a training of the citizens of the world after the war for the understanding of its problems and the meeting of its challenge, a unique opportunity is being lost.

What is the moral? Questions of morals should be approached with circumspection, and I propose to prepare my approach to this one by enunciating some general principles.

First, education is good in itself. It is good to know what great men have thought and said memorably about life, good to be given access to the stored wisdom, culture and knowledge of mankind. Secondly, education is the handmaid of full and successful living; only if our faculties are trained and our tastes developed can we realise all that we have it in us to be and rise to our proper stature as human beings. These are platitudes and I do not propose to develop them here, except to say that the principles they embody are not observed by cutting short a child's education at 14 or even at 15 or 16, and to observe that this is precisely what we do with the education of nearly 80 per cent. of the members of the community. Thirdly, a large proportion of the young adult population is at present living on the State. It is being kept by the State, housed by the State, fed by the State, and trained by the State. These things it does, or rather, these things are done to it, by compulsion. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the young are at the State's mercy. It has interrupted their lives, broken their careers, taken them up into itself to use them as it pleases for its own purposes.

I am not complaining of this, but I suggest that in return the State accepts an obligation and grasps an opportunity. The obligation is so to utilise the time of those whom opportunity has placed under its control, that it may send back into civilised life better and fuller men than it received. In other words, in the course of training them compulsorily, as it must perforce do—I do not question the necessity—to achieve efficiency in the art of killing, it should accept the responsibility of training them compulsorily (in a lesser degree, no doubt) to achieve efficiency in the art of living. I stress the word "compulsorily" because it brings me to my fourth principle which contains the pith of the matter. Men, as Aristotle somewhere remarked, have the capacity but not the desire for education. We recognise this truth to the extent of establishing a system of compulsory education up to the age of 14; we recognise it, that is to say, in its bearing upon the young. I suggest that it applies no less to those who are on the point of reaching maturity. Emphatically they do *not* love the highest when they see it; they have been taught by their environment to heave a brick at it. Emphatically they do *not* want beauty and knowledge any more than a child wants to learn great literature by heart; they do not, for example, know that a love of literature is a railway ticket that will take them to any country in the world, and that a good book will enrich their lives, enabling them to perceive more beauty, more passion, more scope for their sympathy and interest in the world than they saw before. And because they do not love, want and know these things it is not to be expected that more than a tiny proportion will avail themselves voluntarily of educational facilities outside the hours of compulsory training. My plea is, then, that the State accepts the responsibility to which I have referred and makes education in the armed Forces compulsory. Is instruction for one hour a day for six days a week too much to ask of the State in discharge of its responsibilities to those whom it has conscripted in its service? Or is the State content that men in their leisure should wander in loneliness through the streets in hopeless quest of the civilised conditions that must perforce escape more than a small proportion? Or that they should just sit? As I understand it, Mr. W. E. Williams, to whose article I have referred and for whose knowledge I have the greatest respect, is in favour of compulsion. "There is," he writes, "a very strong case for the proposal," and adds that "many military men already favour such a compulsory scheme."

On general principles I should have expected nothing less than compulsion to serve. The impression conveyed by the considerable amount of evidence now available as to the working of the Haining scheme confirms what general principles would suggest, that if we really want to use the opportunity with which the war has presented us of educating our young adult population, nothing less than some measure of compulsion will serve. The time for education must be found in training hours.

C. E. M. JOAD

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS II

"COME in," said the Red Queen, and Alice found herself in a room full of forms. They were stacked on shelves, they crowded the table in front of her, they were everywhere—white forms, pink forms, green forms, in all sizes and shades. Across the heap of forms she caught a glimpse of the Red Queen, and, behind her, of Bill the wizard, who was busy making notes on a slate with his wet finger. "Why does he write on a slate?" she asked in amazement. "It's because of the paper shortage, child." "But if he writes with his wet finger his notes will get lost." "They would get lost, anyway. So why not make sure that they will and have done with it? You know there is a war on?" "Yes," said Alice, "I have heard of it,

and I have come to offer my services." "That's the spirit," grunted the Queen with approval. "England expects every alien to do his duty. What can I do for you?" "I only want a job," said Alice. "I know what you want," said the Queen. "Have a form." "But it is written in such a queer manner I cannot understand it." "Poor child, of course you cannot; nobody can, but you must fill it in. It needs all the cunning you have to get a place." While Alice was busy with the form, which was written in Norman-English and based on the questionnaire which William the Conqueror had to answer when he faced the Immigration Officer, the Red Colonel came in. "Have you seen the queue outside?" he snorted. "I never thought there were so many Jews amongst those Nazis. I must have them all interned." And he rushed out again on his secret duties. "Now, let me see," said the Queen. "I see you are an alien. Now what is the attitude of your government towards this country?" "But it isn't my government," said Alice, firmly. "Then whose is it? Not mine. So you must be an enemy alien. You said so in the letter you wrote to us—Bill, where is that letter? Have you lost it again? Never mind. Your letter said that you are friendly disposed towards us." Here Alice noticed that Bill was displaying some activity. He wrote on his slate in large letters FRIENDLY UNFRIENDLY FRIENDLY UNFRIENDLY FRIENDLY, but in the end he shook his head in despair and gave it up. "You see, if I may say so," said Alice in her most persuasive manner, "I feel that I am connected with this country by so many ties. . . ." "Yes, but they are the wrong ties. That is just the trouble. Bill, what do you think of this young woman?" "I'm not properly dressed, I suppose. I am sorry," said Alice, apologetically, "but with all this coupon business I find it difficult to look smart, and I cannot afford a new hat." "That's nothing to do with it," said the Queen, "but tell me, where is your Old School Tie?" "I haven't any," admitted Alice, ruefully. "Then you'd better get one before they start rationing them. You can't get a job of any importance without any education." "I thought that with my qualifications——" "Nonsense," interrupted the Queen, "we cannot employ you just because you are clever. Clever people are dangerous, and there is a war on, so we have to be careful. I don't want to get into trouble with the Red Colonel again." Alice noticed that Bill was busy again. He wrote at some length on his slate and then passed it to the Queen, who read out: "Article 41: No person without a Public School Tie to be employed as a specialist." "What is that?" gasped Alice in utter surprise. "It is one of our oldest rules," replied the Queen. "Then why is it number 41?" questioned Alice. "Don't be sophisticated," scolded the Queen. "As a matter of fact, I just invented it. But it is not for you foreigners to criticise our institutions." Alice began to cry. "Poor child," said the Queen, "don't take it too hard. You'll get used to it. It's only for your own good. Still, I can see that you are a good girl, so I'll go out of my way and let you join the land army. Do you know a lot about farming?" "Not a thing," said Alice, in despair. "That's splendid," cried the Queen. "You see, this war gives us great opportunities of increasing the all-round knowledge of our population. We can put them to jobs of which they never dreamt before, and thus increase our national efficiency." "But will they not take some time before they are really good at it? You must admit that bad workers would spoil the war effort." "No fear, my child, by the time they have become efficient the war will be over, so they can't do any harm. Meanwhile, you had better start with your general knowledge paper." And Alice was given the latest quizzes of an evening paper. "How do you like your paper?" asked the Queen. Alice looked at it closely and remarked: "I find it very quizzling." "Hush, you naughty child," said the Queen, "do you want to be interned again? You must not say things like that." The questions were:

(1) A *cul-de-sac* is a secret weapon, a street, a civil servant, a bird?

(2) *The Battle of Waterloo* was won by Napoleon, by Alexander, on the play-fields of Eton, in Belgium?

(3) *Appeasement* is a game, a policy, the check for an umbrella, fly-fishing?

(4) An *alien* is a foreigner, a nuisance, a madman, an ally, a Scotsman?

Alice found it rather difficult to guess the right answers and turned to the last page for the solution, but it wasn't there. "Yes," said the Queen, "Bill thought that it was an official communication, so he lost it. Very annoying. I thought you might be able to help us. You foreigners know all kinds of weird things. I suppose one has to, if one has been abroad. Well, never mind. You will hear from us in due course. Good-bye and be good." And Alice passed out.

HENS

It is a good many years since I took as much interest in hens as they deserve. On Saturday, however, I happened to call at a cottage at which a little wooden and wire hen-house had just been delivered, and my hostess's excitement over the half-dozen Light Sussex fowls which arrived almost immediately afterwards and were slipped one after another into their new home awoke in me memories of my earliest enthusiasm as a bird-watcher. She did not pretend to know anything about hens, but she had made inquiries of her neighbours, and had strewn the grass floor of the cage with peapods and other vegetable matter and after a time brought out a dish of unpalatable looking mash which she emptied into a box beside the peapods. The hens crowded round it ecstatically, six beaks feeding as one, and each greedily trying to eat more than her neighbour in less time. Then one hen, a monopolist, stepped into the box, making it more difficult for the others to get at the food. Another, a timid one, did her best to reach the food among the busy necks of her gluttonous companions, retired in despair, came back, and retired again. How human hens are—almost too human for the happiness of my hostess, who was obviously longing to curb the selfishness of the greedy hen and to come to the aid of the weaker sister! There was nothing to be done, however, unless we had prodded the greedy one through the wire with a stick, and anyhow lunch was ready.

After she had drunk her coffee, my hostess went up the garden to see the henhouse again, opened the section containing the nesting-boxes, and announced that one of the hens was sitting. "I believe it's laying an egg," she said. Fearing that she would be disappointed, I warned her that eggs were supposed to become scarce at this time of year and that in any case hens, nervous after a journey in a motor-car, were unlikely to settle down placidly all at once to the business of laying eggs. She declared, however, that the hens had already got quite fond of her and showed no signs of nervousness; and, after looking into the nesting-boxes again and again, she came down the garden triumphantly holding an egg. "You ought to put a V on it," I told her. She gazed at it as a child gazes at the right birthday present. "How much has that egg cost you?" I asked her. "Twelve pounds ten," she said. "And worth it." Later in the afternoon, when she had completed a further series of journeys of explorations, she returned with a second egg. "This," she said, "brings down the price of eggs to six pounds five shillings each." "Eggs are getting cheap," I said.

That I thought was a fairly good beginning for six strange hens, but she would not have it so. She clearly expected that all six hens would straightway lay eggs out of affection for her and, when later in the day they retired to roost without any further enrichment of the nesting-boxes, I felt she was as deeply disappointed as a parent is when children have behaved badly.

It seemed to me, however, that she deserved her disappointment, for her attitude to hens was selfish. She did not love them for themselves but for what she could get out of them. I am sure that, when I first conceived an affection for hens, my affection was entirely unrelated to my appetite. I admired them as I admired swallows, horses, sweet william, and flowing water. How pleasant it was to know them by their tribal names—Dorkings, Leghorns, Spanish, Brahmaputras, Cochin Chinas and the rest of them. The glory of a game cock with his diminished comb was that of a tropical bird. The bantams delighted the eye with their Lilliputian bodies and no less with their Lilliputian eggs. I do not think I ever heard of Wyandottes, Buff Orpingtons or Light Sussex in those days, but even without them I knew enough cocks and hens to fill a Noah's Ark from two of each family. Not that I cared for all hens equally. The Brahmaputra with her feathered trousers seemed clodhopperish in design, like a Clydesdale horse with his hairy feet. Still all hens were good to watch, and what spectacle on earth is prettier than a newly-hatched brood of yellow chickens unless it is a newly-hatched brood of yellow ducklings? The mother-hen, as she clucks to her infants to come and eat the food that she must be longing to eat herself is a model of selflessness that affects even a child's imagination. You see the same selflessness when a cock, having discovered a tit-bit, calls loudly to a favourite hen to come and eat it before his greed gets the better of him. People used to talk of the morals of the farmyard as of depths into which no human being should allow himself to sink. But in some respects I rate the morals of the farmyard high. There are no kinder parents than hens; and polygamy, though that it is commoner than is desirable, is perpetually tempered with kindness to wives.

Hens are also fine economists. They waste nothing. Throw them

a few gooseberry skins, and they relish them like a Christmas feast. Hour after hour they walk about the bare floor of a farmyard, scraping at nothing with one of their claws, looking at it with a little round eye, and eating it as though it were food. There is nothing to surpass the patience of a hen as she walks about with a neck continually jerking this way and that in search of something to eat. Her crawk-crawk is never a complaint, but merely a disinterested comment on the general paucity of things. And she has the great virtue of enjoying her food when it arrives. At sound of the dinner-call, "Chuck-chuck-chuck-chuck," all the hens in the farmyard race half-flying towards their mash of food, like junior schoolboys racing to the tuckshop after release from class. Hens always remain young in appetite. Never do they become like human beings who in their later years form themselves into Wine and Food Societies, pecking at quality instead of gorging on quantity. The hen takes what it can get, like a rational and rationed man.

Why hens consent to lay so large a number of eggs for the use of human beings I have never been able to understand. The domestication of animals and its results is surely one of the most mysterious of the mysteries of creation. It may be that there is a simple explanation. Would it be possible, I wonder, to domesticate robins or emus to such a point that they would go on laying egg after egg day after day, month after month, to no purpose but that man shall not go hungry? I doubt it. It seems to me that the supply of hens' eggs is as miraculous as the fall of manna—perhaps, more so, for manna could not be pickled and stored. Yet no one has ever praised the hen as a bird of mystery and miracle. She is looked on as a piece of prose that can scarcely fly—she who produces in Canada alone 170,000,000 dozen eggs a year.

To collect her eggs was one of the summer pleasures of my childhood. No need to climb a high tree to reach them or to return from one's quest in the skulking spirit of a thief. Colander in hand, one mounted the steps to the henhouse, where the hens, paragons of obedience, had laid their treasures in the nesting-boxes. Then to the stable where more luxury-loving hens sometimes made their nests in the mangers, and to the loft above the byre where a few others, reverting to primitive type, wished to lay their eggs out of reach of man. For, even after centuries of domestication, there are still hens who are savages in temperament and who will wander as far as a plantation in the hope of being able to lay in secret and brood on their eggs alone.

I cannot remember a time when the sight of an egg did not give me pleasure. Especially if it was found in a plantation. It is distressing to think that men could once find no better use for such precious things than to throw them at would-be M.P.s during elections. Yet the fact is that, if you begin throwing eggs, you enjoy it. One day, when we had collected dozens of eggs and had ended our search in a barn, a young cousin threw an egg at me; and, when I had countered this with an egg that burst on his shoulder, we were quite unable to stop. It became a battle of eggs, with eggs flying through the air like snowballs—eggs smashing against the walls, eggs breaking on our clothes. It was an orgy of destructiveness that enabled me to understand the spirit of the people at the Wembley Exhibition who used to pay sixpence to be allowed to smash crockery with hard balls. I still recall it with shame and pleasure.

Luckily the young to-day are in no danger from such temptations. Eggs are probably esteemed more highly in England in 1941 than at any previous time. The hen is now honoured if only for sordid reasons. As an old admirer of hens, I am glad that, for whatever reasons, she has at last come into her own. Y. Y.

FATHER AND SON

A FAMILY portrait not too stale to record
Of a pleasant old buffer, nephew to a lord,
Who believed that the bank was mightier than the sword,
And that an umbrella might pacify barbarians abroad:
Just like an old liberal
Between the wars.

With an easy existence, and a cosy country place,
And with hardly a wrinkle, at sixty, in his face,
Growing old with old books, with old wine, and with grace,
Unaware that events move at a breakneck pace:
Just like an old dichard
Between the wars.

With innocuous tastes in common with his mate,
A love of his garden and his tidy snug estate,
Of dogs, music and children, and lying in bed late,
And no disposition to quarrel with his fate:
Just like an old Englishman
Between the wars.

With no religion or imagination, and a hazy lazy view
Of the great world where trouble kept cropping up anew,
With old clubmen for friends, who would seem stuffy to you,
Old faded prigs, but gentlemen (give them their due):
Just like an old fossil
Between the wars.

With a kindly old wife who subscribed for the oppressed,
With an O.B.E., and a coiffure like a last year's bird's nest,
Even more tolerant than anyone would have guessed,
Who hoped that in the long run all was for the best:
Just like an old lady
Between the wars.

With one child, a son, who in spite of his education
Showed only a modicum of common sense or cultivation,
Sometimes read the *Daily Worker* or THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
But neither, it must be admitted, with much concentration:
Just like a young fribble
Between the wars.

With a firm grasp of half-truths, with political short-sight,
With a belief we could disarm but at the same time fight,
And that only the Left Wing could ever be right,
And that Moscow, of all places, was the sole source of light:
Just like a young hopeful
Between the wars.

With a flash flat in Chelsea of a bogus elegance,
With surrealist pictures and books puffed by Gollancz,
With a degree of complacence which nothing could enhance,
And without one sole well-wisher to kick him in the pants:
Just like a young smarty
Between the wars.

With a precious mistress who thought she could paint,
But could neither show respect nor exercise restraint,
Was a perfect goose-cap, and thought good manners quaint,
With affectation enough to try the patience of a saint:
Just like a young cutie
Between the wars.

With a succession of parties for sponges and bores,
With a traffic-jam outside (for they turned up in scores),
With first-rate sherry flowing into second-rate whores,
And third-rate conversation without one single pause:
Just like a young couple
Between the wars.

With week-ends in the country and holidays in France,
With promiscuous habits, time to sunbathe and dance,
And even to write books that were hardly worth a glance,
Earning neither reputation nor the publisher's advance:
Just like a young writer
Between the wars.

On a Sunday in September there were deck-chairs in the sun,
There was argument at lunch between the father and the son
(Smoke rose from Warsaw) for the beef was underdone
(Nothing points to heaven now but the anti-aircraft gun):
With a hey nonny nonny
And a hi-de-ho.

Oh, the twenties and the thirties were not otherwise designed
Than other times when blind men into ditches led the blind,
When the rich mouse ate the cheese and the poor mouse got the rind,
And man, the self-destroyer, was not lucid in his mind:
With a hey nonny nonny
And a hi-de-ho.

WILLIAM PLOMER

"ARTISTS OF FAME AND OF PROMISE"

At the Leicester Galleries

IN these mixed exhibitions it is always a question which artists are put forward as famous and which as promising. After all, the terms are not mutually exclusive. Sickert, Steer and Nicholson are certainly famous and may be assumed to have found themselves and their final methods of expression. Yet an assumption it is: the art of Titian continued to develop after the master was seventy. On the other hand, Lawrence Gowing has certainly moved since he painted *Euston Road* (No. 61); but no prudent critic will pretend to be sure of the direction in which he is moving. He is an artist of promise; that much is certain. So is Robin Pearce, who follows up his ambitious and successful snow piece of last year with another large and ambitious picture, *Kent Landscape*. This is a brave attempt to do what any master might be proud of having done; and, for so young a man, a considerable achievement. His *Still Life* (No. 133) is less happy. The apples are solidly realised in the manner of Cézanne; the bottle is flimsy to the verge of Whistlerism. Either treatment of the subject is possible, and I do not say that a master could not achieve a syncretism; but I think Robin Pearce has not. There is a delightful sketch, the work of a few hours I surmise, by a promising young artist, Miss Gwen Herbert—or could it be by Mrs. Herbert? Certainly there is nothing amateurish about it, and yet, to the best of my belief, I never saw anything by this artist before. In future I hope to see much.

Three artists, who in early days showed signs of uncommon talent, and then, to my thinking, fell somewhat from grace, were Roland Suddaby, Kenneth Rowntree and Alison Debenham. All three are here seen to advantage, equalling the best of their past or going beyond it—especially to be congratulated is Miss Debenham, whose picture (113A) is one of the positive pleasures of the show. Mary Kessell is a new name to me and unmistakably an artist of promise. Whether Carel Weight is a smart practitioner, with something in reserve, as might be inferred from No. 122, or whether he is just a smart practitioner, as No. 97 would seem to suggest, I shall not pretend to have decided. Better, now we are in the Hogarth Room, stop and concentrate our attention on the big central picture by Matthew Smith, *Sunita*. Possibly this is the most considerable work in the show. By to some extent characterising the head, giving it at all events enough character to justify the giving of a name to the model, the artist has enhanced the effectiveness of his picture. For it is this characterisation which enables the spectator to grasp easily the fine and intricate design; and accessibility is a quality which the works of Matthew Smith too often lack. The colour, though rich and telling, is in fact extremely subtle, depending, by no means obviously, on nice relations and delicate contrasts. A remarkable picture. To find its fellow we must go to the drawings in the entrance gallery. Here Henry Moore, with *Sleeping Figures* 1941 (a large drawing in pen, charcoal and gouache) surpasses himself. So far as this country goes, the apparition of Henry Moore as a draughtsman is the most exciting artistic event of the war. And when you have sufficiently contemplated this drawing and the Matthew Smith, take a look at Lucien Pissarro's picture (No. 80) and ask yourself whether, when all is said and done, when originality has had its due and power its meed of awe, this admirable painting is not as good as anything in the place.

Graham Sutherland, Rupert Shephard, H. E. du Plessis and Patricia Preece are all painters of repute who here sustain their reputations. Moynihan shows a particularly attractive picture, and it seems to me his reputation is below his deserts. If it be true that he is still a private, someone is wasting talent. Considering the number of miserable hacks who have been given fat jobs, one would suppose this brilliant artist might be allowed to serve his country as best he can—that is by painting. For the rest: John Piper and John Armstrong are as lively and ingenious as ever; Kenneth Martin seems to me to be standing still; Sickert, we are reminded, once made caricatures for *Vanity Fair*, and made them extremely well; I cannot believe, though apparently there are hundreds who do, that Michael Ayrton is a master. Doubtless it was a coincidence that Epstein's bust of M. Maisky should be ready in the nick of time: it was not a surprise.

CLIVE BELL

COUNTRY NOTES

Escape

FOUR very agreeable little books lie on my table, a change from war news and war talk.* One of them, indeed, has a connection with war, for it concerns the gathering of medicinal herbs, the object being to provide simple information and advice for those who wish to engage in this useful, pleasant, and profitable pursuit. It seems absurd that in peacetime we should import dandelion roots from abroad, when half the energy of the English gardener is spent in progging them up for the rubbish heap.

There are snags in the way, of course. The question of drying is a complicated one and may well alarm the amateur who is either unwilling or unable to devote the whole of his time to this very necessary care. One of the reasons, in fact, why medicinal herbs have been so largely imported from the Continent is that the Continental climate allows of drying without artificial heat. It seems clear therefore that in this country the most practical method would lie in a communal centre. Is it Utopian to wish to see such centres arranged in the village or shared by a group of villages? This little book is very sensibly designed to assist such bodies as the Women's Institutes, the Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, school-children, etc., whose efforts have the approval of the Ministry of Health. Incidentally, I can imagine no more seemly an occupation for a certain type of maiden lady, to be found in all country districts, than to constitute herself the village herbalist. This is said without irony.

My next little book, *The Garden Naturalist*, is not only a practical help about pests and friends, but is full of the sort of information I much enjoy. I like learning that the spider is not an insect; that the male of one species of spider presents his bride with a dead fly in order to avoid being devoured by her himself; that an acre of ground may harbour fifty thousand worms, each capable of swallowing and ejecting four ounces of earth a day; that the mole (as I think I have remarked already in these columns) is the most energetic of small creatures, and that a mole the size of an elephant might tunnel the Channel in a week. I like learning also that the copra industry in Fiji was saved by 300 parasitic flies, who were hurried to Fiji in a specially chartered steamer from Malaya to devour the tiny moth menacing the coconut palm with destruction. Helpful little creatures: in a very short space of time the 300 had increased to 32,000 (one wonders what method was adopted for counting them). The sugar industry of Hawaii was rescued in much the same way from the depredations of the cane-boring weevil. In this case it took two years to find the necessary enemy of the weevil, which was eventually discovered on the island of Amboina and carried some four thousand miles to Hawaii, the journey being broken twice to hatch out two further generations of flies as the original consignment died off.

Few of us may be called upon to organise such entomological enterprises, but everyone may be glad to know what flies to swat or not to swat; what slugs to trap and what to spare; what birds to protect, and how to tether the wandering tortoise.

A Calendar of Old English Customs may sound Olde Worlde but is not. This is due to the restraint and dry, good erudition of the compiler-commentator. You could not find a single "quaint" or "gladsome" in all his sixty pages. The best way to give an idea of his treatment of this perilously Libertian subject is to quote one of his entries:

> Old Christmas Day, Jan. 6th, Haxey Hood, Haxey, near Doncaster. Many hundred years ago Lady Mowbray, when riding to Haxey Church, had her hood blown off in a gale of wind and twelve labourers rushed to capture it. She was so delighted with their good manners that she gave a piece of ground, now called The Hoodlands, to provide a hood to be thrown up annually on Christmas Day and to be fought for at the place where her hood had been blown off. The game into which this developed is said to have been the origin of Rugby football."

It could not be put in simpler or more straightforward language, the only way to do it.

The same compiler's *Calendar of Flowers and Their Saints* has no comments: it is merely a list. Its sub-title explains it: A flower for every day, a saint for every flower. Month by month, day by day, you can look up the appropriate combination; thus if these words meet your eye on Friday, July 25th you may know that the Herb Christopher shares the day with St. Christopher; if, on the other hand, you have to wait until Saturday, the field camomile will be sharing the feast of St. Anne. I have seldom received such enthusiastic thanks for so small a present, as when I have given this little book.

"Fire" in Tulips

It may seem belated to speak of tulips at the height of a summer when the roses have surely never been more splendid, but it occurs to me to wonder whether other people have had the same experience as mine. One had always been told that the only way to deal with the disease known as "fire" was to dig up the bulbs, replant them in a fresh piece of ground, and leave the infected bed at least three years to recover. This we duly did, and last spring the tulips duly reappeared. Those which had been moved to the fresh plot came up suffering from "fire" worse than ever; those which had been overlooked in the old border came up as healthy as any gardener could wish to see.

The mention of diseases in bulbs reminds me to say how superbly satisfactory the Salonica variety of the old Madonna lily (*L. candidum*) so far appears to be. I speak from personal experience only, but never having been able to grow the ordinary type except as a denuded stem with a few miserable white trumpets dangling from it, I view with pride the immense heads of the dozen Salonica lilies I was lucky enough to obtain three years ago. One must not boast too soon, and I am told that experts are cautious: the Greek may yet become infected with the botrytis which ravages the cottage lily everywhere except in cottage gardens. Meanwhile I rejoice to see these great heads thrusting themselves up between the foaming masses of *Rosa Mundi*, but note sagely the advice given me should any

* *Herb Gathering*. By Barbara Keen and Jean Armstrong. Published by Brome and Schimmer. 9*d*. Illustrated.

The Garden Naturalist. By L. R. Brightwell. The Medici Society. 1*s*. 6*d*. Illustrated.

A Calendar of Old English Customs Still in Being, and *A Calendar of Flowers and Their Saints*. Obtainable from Mark Savage, Upper Basildon, Reading. 2*s*. 6*d*. each.

sign of the disease ever appear. Neosyl is, apparently, the charm; but if the stem as well as the leaves are attacked, then the stem must be cut down and the soil saturated with potassium sulphide, 3 oz. to 2 gallons of water. So they say. I hope only that it will never become necessary. V. SACKVILLE-WEST

THE MOVIES

"The Gun," at the Carlton
"G-Men Combat Saboteurs," March of Time

Disney controversy in full swing. Mesdames of the Sunday pinnacles declare for and against; Agate, inspired by ballet of hippos, rushes in; and the *Express* is divided between the views of William Hickey and its film correspondent. Odd that for the most part highbrows attack, while lowbrows defend. Best contribution so far, the critic (no names) who thought dancing hippos "most appropriate to Beethoven—Beethoven himself would have enjoyed it." I doubt it; and in any case this music (Dance of the Hours) was not by Beethoven, but by Ponchielli. Beethoven himself wouldn't have enjoyed that. Lowbrow (*Evening Standard*) complains that snobbish noses are being lifted in the air. Two such noses were within arm's length of me at press-view; the two heads had fallen back and mouths were open and eyes shut. Should very much like to read what these gentlemen wrote afterwards. Meanwhile, *Fantasia* at last reaches the public. I shall go again and report second thoughts.

Films this week have slumped badly and are lowbrow all round. Wallace Beery at the Empire is an endearing old star; Carmen Miranda at the Odeon is new, horrible and fascinating, and should be seen by those who want to extend their love vocabulary. There remains Dorothy Lamour, jungle-bound in *Moon Over Burma*. Her star moment is getting trapped in a large water-jug; hero has to smash jar round her (squeals!) and wrap his Dorothy very swiftly and artistically in a sheet as she steps out. Accompaniment of elephants, wisecracks, cobras, whisky pegging and forest fires.

The only good films are two documentaries. *The Gun*. First-rate Anglo-American propaganda for more guns for merchantmen. Shots of Atlantic battle as good as anything in March of Time's *Crisis in the Atlantic* and rather better than our own *Merchant Seamen*. New defence against dive-bombers is a dandy light weapon, quick-firing little tracer shells at its target. Directed by G. Thomas Cummins, editor of British Paramount News.

G-Men Combat Saboteurs. Less exciting than recent March of Times. We've seen most of the shadowing, car and radio, laboratory technique before. Shows convincingly how difficult it is to be a Fifth Columnist in America. Point for the curious: At press-view Edgar J. Hoover made fighting speech against "Communists, trouble-makers, pseudo-liberals." Seen again at the Gaumont, the last category had disappeared. Definition of this new enemy of war effort?

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Sadler's Wells Ballet, at the New

After months of tireless piano accompaniment, Mr. Constant Lambert returns with full orchestra. A note may have gone wrong here and there on Monday evening, but what a difference (no offence to Mr. Lambert) an orchestra makes. The evening's honours were divided between Mr. Lambert and Mr. Robert Helpmann, who gave us poignant grace in *Giselle* and then followed this up with a no less exacting, though very different, part as Mr. O'Reilly, of crimson nose and ataxic gait, in *The Prospect Before Us*. Both these ballets wear very well. Margot Fonteyn danced delightfully in the first, Pamela May in the second, and Frederick Ashton in both. We are very sorry to learn that Mr. Ashton, together with other members of the cast, is likely to be called up soon. His choreographic invention will be sadly missed; especially as it will be all the more necessary to plan new ballets which, like *Giselle*, demand few male dancers, rather than lower the standard of the dancing.

The Proms

The first three of Rachmaninoff's piano concertos have been given at recent Proms. No. 1 made the strongest appeal, partly owing no doubt to a brilliant performance by Moiseiwitch, but Rachmaninoff's is not a music that alters or grows by more hearing. First impressions here are the best, and they are mixed; despite immense dash and skill, rhythms and the big tune edge often towards the commonplace as in early Sibelius. This criticism applies less perhaps to No. 1 than to the others; and whatever reservations we may make, one thing overrides them—the sweeping use of the piano as a concerto instrument. Early Sibelius was heard on Tuesday: Symphony No. 1 and "Festivo" from *Scènes Historiques*. They have qualities essentially their own, but it is impossible to enjoy them without the discrimination learnt from his later work; everything, or almost everything, is there—trumpet snarls, sparring basses, the lyric touch of a single flute or viola—all except the final clarity. Sibelius is a perfectionist, painfully aware of his faults, even giving expression to them. Brahms is not; and his Symphony No. 3, played the same evening, carries us, faults and all. Both Mr. Basil Cameron, by the way, with Brahms, and Sir Henry Wood with Sibelius, were in splendid form.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, July 26th—
"An Angel Called Jeremy," Repertory Players, Playhouse, Amersham.

MONDAY, July 28th—
Fabian International Affairs Group Snack Lunch. Leonard Woolf: "How to Make the Peace," 12 Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2, 1.

TUESDAY, July 29th—
Federal Union Meeting. Speakers: Prof. G. E. G. Catlin and W. Craven-Ellis, M.P., Beaver Hall, Garlick Hill, E.C.4, 12.30.
Concert of English Music of the Seventeenth Century, St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, 6.30.

WEDNESDAY, July 30th—
Housing Centre Film Show, 5. Tickets, including tea, members, 6*d*., non-members, 1*s*., from 13 Suffolk Street, S.W.1.
B. S. Townroe: "The Resistance of France," Institut Français, 5.30.
Randall Swingler: "Art and a People's Government," 9 Gt. Newport Street, 7.

THURSDAY, July 31st—
Brahms-Debussy Recital by Kathleen Cooper. St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, 6.30.

FRIDAY, August 1st—
Senor Pablo Azcarate: "Spain To-day," 12 Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2, 7.30.

Correspondence

HELP FOR RUSSIA

SIR,—Five weeks have passed since Mr. Churchill made his Sunday night speech welcoming the Soviet as an ally. A British Military Mission and a few score of experts have been sent to Russia. A Russian Military Mission has arrived in London. The R.A.F. has battered Germany and the occupied territories every hour of the day; the effects of this battering are, however, more likely to be long than short term. This is all. And meanwhile the Russian soldiers fighting on the wide steppe are helping us every day the battle continues. Shouldn't *we* be helping them?

People said when they heard of Hitler's latest aggression that Britain would now have a respite, but that it was only a respite and that we must on no account slacken our efforts to meet the eventual German invasion of this island. The underlying assumption was that it was only a matter of time before Hitler's troops broke through the large but unwieldy Russian armies. Nothing that we could do would therefore greatly influence the issue of the war in the East. But the Red Army has remained intact through five weeks of the most violent fighting in history. The dice may not after all be so heavily loaded in Hitler's favour and military action on our part may shift the whole balance of forces in the East, may mean the difference between a Russian defeat and an Allied victory.

Months ago British forces landed successfully on the Lofoten Isles. Why are we not now emulating this feat on a far grander scale? Britain has command of the seas, Britain has superiority in the air over the Continental shores, Britain has thousands of well equipped soldiers, technicians and parachutists. At the worst, some of the vital ports and air and U-boat bases on the coast line of Europe could be damaged. At the worst some of the *Luftwaffe* planes might be recalled to meet a new menace, and it is in the air that the Russians have the greatest inferiority. Such a threat might at least prevent any further transfer of men and materials from the West to the East. At the best, and particularly if every effort were made to add Russia's Fifth Column to our own, the raid might become an invasion. Not for many months—even years—will the relative strength of the British forces in the West be so great. It is Britain's job to give body to the Nazi nightmare of a war on two fronts.

A landing on the Continent would have not only military significance. For it would disillusion the Nazis for good and all about the success of their anti-Bolshevik crusade. It would be a most valuable political gesture, in so far as it persuaded the over-confident Nazis and the still suspicious Russians that we meant business.

The Middle East is the other main theatre of war and the key to the Middle East is India. British and Indian soldiers must cease to be policemen and become soldiers. The Congress Party must be satisfied that in India too we mean business, and the political leaders who are now Britain's enemies released as Britain's friends. There are many jobs for Wavell's Indian Army—in Iran, for example.

Nazi agents in Iran control the country. A joint Russo-British occupation of Iran would clear out the Nazis. A new line of communication would be opened up between allies. We must remember that the next attack may come in the Caucasus.

Some of these things we can do—British defeat may be as close as it was when France's brittle armies cracked. Victory may be as near as in March, 1918. But we must act, we must act without delay.

MICHAEL YOUNG

[We select this from a number of letters urging that now or never is the time to turn this into a war on two fronts for Hitler. We cannot pronounce on the technical possibilities.—ED., *N.S.&N.*]

INDIAN BROADCASTING

SIR,—Having looked after broadcasting in India for five years and spent six unhappy months in the Hindustani service of the B.B.C., I wonder if I might add a footnote to Sir Stephen Tallent's comments on your article, "The Strategy of Propaganda," and your own remarks on his letter. Sir Stephen, with his usual flair for making a good case, has, I think, avoided the main issue of your article, which is important not only for India but for almost all foreign services, especially those in Oriental languages. I will quote one phrase from an official report from the Far East: "The war news is dominated by Berlin's idiomatic language and Berlin's racy style." The report refers to Hindustani broadcasts and is 16 months old; yet, whatever Sir Stephen may say about improvements, which have doubtless taken place, I think that this effect still largely prevails. The point of your article was, I presume, to show that direct and hasty translation from an "it-is-alleged-that" type of English bulletin can produce only a dull and anglicised version in the other language—more particularly if the idiom and thought of that language is far removed from English. Sir Stephen is perfectly right in saying that an excellent *English* programme for

India has been built up by an Indian; but it is burking the point, first because English programmes appeal to a minority, and, secondly, because it was the B.B.C. which, when the Government of India asked for Hindustani programmes from London, insisted on having Englishmen to control them. (Is it not strange, to say the least, that an Indian of 15 years' Government service, ten of them as examiner in Indian languages at Army Headquarters, and five in a directive capacity in Indian radio, should be instructed to do *English* programmes only, while the control of *Hindustani* programmes is entrusted to a retired Indian civil servant with no previous publicity experience and an incomplete knowledge of the language?) The interest of the Hindustani-speaking audience in European news is, in my experience, about equivalent to the interest of the British public in news from China—that is to say, it *can* be made attractive and alive in small suitable doses. But a daily twenty-minute programme in Hindustani of detailed material (first issued in English journalistic cliches) about Pskov, Mr. Hopkins, Hanover, the V sign, or gas-masks, is almost as fantastic as a twenty-minute bulletin of similarly detailed Chinese news would be in an English pub. And, wherever the bulletin originates, it still comes from an Englishman in an unwieldy bulk of English journalese which must be translated at speed if it is to be up to date. The fundamental mistake of nearly all our overseas services—the mistake to which your article, as I understood it, alluded—is that "foreigners (and that unfortunately includes India and Ceylon) can't be trusted"; and the result, in spite of bureaucratic officials who report obediently that the "London broadcasts" are good, is dull and uninspired bulletins in anglicised language. With all due respect, Sir Stephen cannot put anyone else's experience of broadcasting to India against mine, because I happen to be the only Englishman who has done it. The B.B.C. Hindustani service was instituted (at the request of the Government of India) to counter the very able German one: neither it, nor other similar services, will succeed in this, unless and until natives of the country concerned, who are also able interpreters and producers, are allowed to weave what news there is into the quantitative and qualitative pattern of their own idiom and associations. LIONEL FIELDEN

55 Park Lane, W.

[Mr. Fielden was appointed in 1935 the first Controller of Broadcasting in India. He held this post until 1940.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—Your remarks regarding the B.B.C. news bulletins for India are considered by a large number of my compatriots to be most apt. As a matter of fact, my friends and I thought that they would open the eyes of the responsible authorities. But, alas! how greatly we are mistaken. Sir Stephen Tallents has taken up the defence of the Indian members of his staff, and all that now remains to be done is to congratulate Sir Stephen and curse those who would like to see the news-bulletins for India improved!

Incidentally, is it too much to expect the B.B.C. to recruit a few Indians who know something about the mentality of their more intelligent compatriots? Are we to be told that in times like these it is not wise to incur additional expenditure and let Goebbels' machinery do all the talking to the crowds in the Indian bazaars and villages?

INDIAN RESIDENT,
On behalf of a number of Indian listeners to the B.B.C. news bulletins

---

SIR,—I am pleased to see that your reference to the programmes broadcast to India has not passed without comment. I am not qualified to speak about the news bulletins, but I have had some part in a series of literary talks in which the speakers have included Edwin Muir, V. S. Pritchett, Herbert Read, George Orwell, T. S. Eliot, Louis MacNeice and others. A parade of names is no absolute guarantee of success, but I should be surprised to know that any other department of the B.B.C. had put out anything more ambitious. It is my experience that with subjects of this kind, the Indian Department is very much more enterprising and—to borrow your word—"serious" than some other limbs of that great Elephant of Culture. It seems a pity that you should have censured something which I feel sure you would have applauded if your information had been correct. DESMOND HAWKINS

Martins Green,
Berden, Bishop's Stortford.

[It is true, as we said last week, that an interesting series of literary talks have recently been broadcast to India. That does not in any way modify our point that the selection of news and of topics for India are made with little attention to the interests of most Indians.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

FACTS ABOUT THE U.S.S.R.

SIR,—May I suggest that to recapture the spirit of last summer in the war factories, the vital need of the moment is authentic news from the Home Front of our new and gallant allies, and that the press have it in their power to furnish it. Has the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION a war correspondent on the Russian Home Front? How many of our leading dailies and weeklies have correspondents there?

I visualise that there is great news to be had for the gathering in Leningrad to-night. The factories and collective farms in the land of the Soviets are the centres of social life as well as production, and I imagine that something very different to what happens here will take place when the buzzer goes this evening at the end of the day shift.

Here, we managers and staff will don our black coats and hats and depart in our cars for our suburban or country homes, without any social intercourse with our fellow workers and without any interchange of views on the day's output or on the news from the battle front. Not so in Russia. There I see the managers, the staff and the Trade Union officials, together with the operatives, assembling in the factory club rooms for the evening's discussion. Listening in company to the hourly broadcasts of the stubborn resistance on the battle front, but even more concerned and absorbed in a recounting of the doings of the day in their own factory. The discussion will range far and wide. Have we fulfilled the production plan for the day? Does it beat yesterday? What are the prospects for a record to-morrow? Who is the Stakhanovite hero of the day? Who has shown the greatest percentage increase on his previous best ever? The whole community of workers, by hand or brain, keyed up and resolute in their united and mighty effort to prevent a brutal and degenerate regime from degrading the sacred precincts of the workers' own factory or farm, from throttling their means of production, and debasing their free social life.

Do you not think, Mr. Editor, that if you were a reporter for the *N.S. & N.* in Moscow to-night you could send a story that would go like a stimulating flame through the war factories of Britain?

JOHN HEALEY

[The NEW STATESMAN AND NATION as well as other papers have had excellent correspondents in the U.S.S.R. in the past. Since the beginning of the war few British correspondents have been able to work there for reasons that are not the fault of British newspapers. The situation is now changed; among other correspondents now in Moscow is Mr. Alexander Werth, who for years reported from Paris in this journal and in the *Manchester Guardian*.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE COST OF LIVING

SIR,—I read "Critic's" observations on "ramping, racketeering and profiteering" with some amazement. Can he really believe that, with food prices at their present level, £1 a week is reasonable payment for bed, breakfast and supper, even if the bed is in a room with three others? And does he seriously consider that, with coal and gas at the present price, sixpence is too high for a bath, including the unpleasant labour of making up the fire, cleaning the flues and cleaning the bath?

I suggest that "Critic" makes a few inquiries as to the actual cost of providing meals which are not "continuously inadequate." And let him not forget to include such incidental costs as fuel for cooking, light, water, laundry, cleaning materials, rates, rent, insurance and replacement of linen, china and furniture, which all wear out or get broken.

There is no class of organised workers who would allow themselves to be sweated, abused and robbed of their hard-earned savings in the way that boarding-house keepers are sweated, abused and robbed under the Government billeting scheme. They allow it only because they are not organised, and they are unorganised largely because for the most part they have no time for organisation, being constantly driven in the effort to keep their houses clean and tidy, and their lodgers fed, from the cleaning of the doorstep in the morning to the washing up of the supper things at night.

The inadequacy of the present £1 a week allowance is easily demonstrated by the fact that exactly the same rate was in force at the beginning of the war. Since then the cost of food has, at a modest estimate, more than doubled itself; rates, water charges, gas, electricity and fuel prices have all been increased, the purchase tax has been added to the cost of replacements, and the war risk insurance tax—for it is a tax—has been imposed. If it is "reasonable" now, it was unjustifiably lavish in September, 1939. It was, in fact, grossly inadequate then.

CHARLES ESAM-CARTER

WORK FOR ALIENS

SIR,—Among the German and Austrian refugees there are a good many brain-workers, such as scientists, lawyers, officials and businessmen, who are on the wrong side of 40 and not fit for hard physical or manual work. They become increasingly dependent on welfare allowances. Thus they are very badly off and worry very much how to earn their living.

But they are looking for suitable work in vain. They know very well that in times like these only fitness, and not any predilection, must be decisive for the kind of work one has to do. But it is just the lack of fitness, and not any kind of haughtiness, that makes them not accept work or training such as demolition or ammunition work they are usually offered. So the order that all aliens have to register for work made them especially hope that at last suitable work might be found also for them. They are longing for this registration. But so far only the registration of allied aliens has taken place. Now they are afraid that, even when they themselves have registered, a lot of time may pass up to their being called up to work.

Now that, as I understand, the shortage of clerical workers increased, they could do very useful work very soon without interfering with the interests of the British workers. They need only a rather short training to adapt them to the special conditions of this country. I think it ought to be the business of the committees who have the responsibility for these people to make them fit for work by giving them this training.

Thus they would make life again worth living for them, and at the same time, by taking them from the dole, save money for the community and the taxpayer. F. J. WITTELSHOEFER

ENTERTAINMENT IN WARTIME

SIR,—Mr. Ivor Brown's letter in your issue of July 12th shows that C.E.M.A. is adopting a realistic policy in relation to drama; but if his letter is supposed to represent the attitude of C.E.M.A. in other spheres it is altogether misleading. On the musical side C.E.M.A. is spending large sums of money without receiving any adequate financial return, and is in fact pursuing a policy precisely the opposite of that rightly advocated by Mr. Brown—it is, in fact, giving music away for nothing.

During a recent tour in the North of England given by three artists, their fees and expenses provided by C.E.M.A., out of nine concerts in five days not a penny was obtained in entrance money. This, I believe, is the frequent and general practice of C.E.M.A.

It is only fair to add that in other cases C.E.M.A. has helped the initiation of concerts at popular prices by means of a guarantee—but even where this guarantee has been called upon the expense to C.E.M.A. has been much less than its own free concerts.

Admittedly music can never show the same returns as drama; but it is no service to music to assume that it must always be run at a dead loss. With adequate organisation music can be given at popular prices and yet pay for itself. MARGARET TAYLOR

Oxford Wartime Concerts.

MAX PLOWMAN'S LETTERS

SIR,—The grave danger of destruction that hangs over everything of value to-day makes me anxious to have a volume of my late husband's letters ready for publication as soon as possible.

I shall therefore be very grateful if anyone holding letters from Max Plowman will entrust them to me (at this address) for immediate selection.

Every letter will be treated in complete confidence, and returned to the owner as soon as a copy (if required) has been made.

Little Oaks, DOROTHY PLOWMAN
Langham, near Colchester.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

ONCE again the Beresina may be choked with corpses. Across the forests and plains through which Napoleon made his rapid and triumphant advance and his slow and calamitous withdrawal between the June of 1812 and the January of 1813 rushes a tide, incomparably more gigantic, of blood and fear and suffering. Yet about the story of the retreat from Moscow there is a kind of dramatic completeness that still commands attention. Indeed, only by invocation of the tragic theory—by the supposition that a jealous God lies in wait for exceptional good fortune and that *ate* inevitably succeeds to *hubris*—can we quite explain the circumstances that led to Napoleon's greatest blunder. Those circumstances have been exhaustively (if inconclusively) discussed, and the development of the tragedy has often been recorded; but no record is more vivid than that of Sergeant Bourgogne, ex-Grenadier-Vélite of the Imperial Guard, who endured the worst horrors of the retreat and emerged with his belief in the Emperor's genius and his devotion to his leader's memory yet unshaken. His fascinating, at times appalling, narrative (now reprinted in a convenient cheap edition*) is a masterpiece of untutored straightforward reporting, comparable to Diaz's story of the conquest of Mexico from which Prescott drew much of his most interesting material. Like the sixteenth-century Spanish adventurer, this middle-class Frenchman of the early nineteenth century was what nowadays, loosely and vaguely, we describe as an extravert. The little we learn of his character we learn in spite of himself. Bourgogne was neither vainglorious nor sentimental. He did not sentimentalise his own sufferings or the sufferings of his comrades; he did not revolt against a world in which such catastrophes were possible, or against the imperial system to which they owed their immediate origin; he was content, quietly and simply, to chart the course of his adventures. Thus it had happened; thus his friends had died, frozen, burnt to death, sabred or speared by pursuing Cossacks; thus he had struggled home, with his scars and his loot, out of the Russian wilderness. He was delighted to remember: he did not attempt to analyse.

On one point he produces much curious evidence. The army that broke up along the road to Germany was already disorganised and demoralised before it had said good-bye to Moscow. Bourgogne was a good soldier and experienced campaigner, proud of his regiment, proud of the *Grande Armée*, proud of the splendiferous and resounding legend of which he felt he formed a part. But, in spite of the strict imperial order that forbade all plundering, he had begun to loot during his first day in the conquered city. Long before the ban was raised (as the conflagration caused by Russian incendiants grew more extensive) the quarters he occupied were full of plunder and embellished by the presence of two female captives whose services he retained until they were borrowed from him good-humouredly, but peremptorily, by Adjutant-Major Roustan. Life for non-commissioned officers of the guard was a continual festivity; and every evening they would gather in a deserted palace, there to recline "like pashas on ermine, sable, lion and bear skins, smoking costly tobacco in magnificent pipes," an enormous silver bowl before them filled with punch, above which slowly melted a huge loaf of sugar held in place by a pair of captured Russian bayonets. No effort seems to have been made to save the army from the perils of this Capuan existence; and, when the Emperor decided to abandon the half-burnt but still habitable city, his troops were permitted to set forth in broken ranks, laden down with their booty, having many of them exchanged their uniforms, and even their arms and cartridge belts, for the silks and velvets they had picked up from Muscovite wardrobes. Bourgogne himself threw away his white full-dress trousers, "feeling pretty certain I should not want them again just yet," and carried a mere sixteen cartridges. Into his knapsack he had stuffed an amazing collection of objects, both perishable and precious:

> . . . Several pounds of sugar, some rice, some biscuit, half a bottle of liqueur, a woman's Chinese silk dress, embroidered in gold and silver, several gold and silver ornaments, and amongst them a little bit of the cross of Ivan the Great . . . . A woman's large riding-cloak (hazel colour, lined with green velvet; as I could not guess how it was worn, I imagined its late owner to be more than six feet high), then two silver pictures in relief, a foot long and eight inches high; one of them represented the Judgment of Paris on Mount Ida, the other showed Neptune on a chariot formed by a shell and drawn by sea-horses, all in the finest workmanship. I had, besides, several lockets and a Russian prince's spittoon set with brilliants.

But that was not all:

> I wore over my shirt (writes Bourgogne) a yellow silk waistcoat, wadded inside, which I had made myself out of a woman's skirt; above that a large cape lined with ermine, and a large pouch hung at my side . . . by a silver cord. This was full of various things—amongst them a crucifix in gold and a little Chinese porcelain vase. . . .

His spirits were high. Confusedly, Bourgogne and his friends would appear to have imagined that the Emperor's plans still included the conquest of the Orient; and, as he left Moscow, he was already looking forward to the "Mongol, Chinese and Indian" mistresses whom he would undoubtedly acquire. On the 19th of October the long garish circus train got under way. There was rain on the 22nd, thick fog on the 25th; during the night of the 27th it began to freeze. Thereafter the main outlines of the tragedy need no retelling. Bourgogne's story is memorable because it depicts the fortitude, the despair, the misery, the eventual triumph of a single isolated and often frightened man. In addition to quick eyes, Bourgogne had that gift of cursory self-expression—of pinning down an episode in a line or a sentence—which is the despair of more practised and more ambitious writers. He saw much of pain—few men have seen so much in so brief a period—and his descriptions of human agony are as sympathetic as they are observant. The shapes assumed by death never ceased to horrify and interest him. Before the army had reached the Dnieper, dying men were being plundered as they lay in the snow:

> I was walking now in a narrow footpath in the wood . . . and with me was one of my friends, a sergeant in the same regiment. We suddenly came upon a gunner of the Guard lying right across the path. By him was another gunner stripping his clothes from him. We could see that the man was not dead, as his legs moved and every now and then he struck the ground with his fists.

So violent and so continuous was the pressure of self-interest that some of the results it produced were almost comic. Near Smolensk a huge barn crammed with 800 men suddenly caught fire. The doors were barricaded against late-comers; "cries and shrieks of rage were heard, the fire became a vast tossing mass, through the convulsive efforts the poor wretches made to escape." Meanwhile, from all around came running a horde of ragged, frozen and starving men. Some rifled the corpses that they dragged from the blaze. Others observed cheerfully: "It serves them right. . . ." "Others, again, stretched out their hands to the warmth saying, 'What a beautiful fire! . . .'"

Yet although the retreat from Moscow had its grotesque and fantastic side—men with cracked lips and frost-bitten fingers fighting for the half-cooked flesh of broken-down horses; men devouring a few stolen potatoes in fearful stealth—through the squalor ran frequently a strain of splendour. With awe Bourgogne witnessed the devotion of the hundred and fifty dragoons, who, the whole of one hideous winter night, stood massed in their long white cloaks around their hereditary chief, the young Prince Emile of Hesse-Cassel, "pressed tightly one against the other, protecting him from wind and cold. The next morning three-quarters of them were dead and buried beneath the snow. . . ." The examples of disinterestedness that he encountered were as startling, if not so numerous, as the instances of abject greed and savagery. There was the cavalryman whose first thought was always for the mount that had carried him in a dozen major actions; and there was the old sergeant of Bourgogne's regiment named Daubenton who, league after league, supported on his back the regimental dog when poor Mouton's paws were frost-bitten on the road to Wilna.

Bourgogne's narrative has something of that dreamlike quality which we associate with states of intense physical exhaustion. The pictures he draws are very vivid, but seen as it were through a slight transparent film. Again and again he protests his determination to be absolutely accurate—to put down the good and the bad just as he remembers them; and it is astonishing how capacious and retentive his memory proves. When he describes the fate of the three Russian ladies who had been persuaded to accompany the retreat by a high French officer, he recollects in a flash the exact colour and trimming of the cloak one of them was wearing when he saw her dead body lifted from their foundered travelling carriage. He tells of losing his way at midnight beneath the walls of Smolensk; and back comes the reverberation of the mysterious organ music that followed him like an obsession as he groped and stumbled through thick curtains of quietly falling snow. His method of narration is sometimes chaotic and fragmentary; but Bourgogne has an astonishing aptitude for evoking a broad panorama in very few words:

> . . . We were roused by an extraordinary noise. This was the north wind travelling over the forests, bringing with it heavy snow and 27 degrees of frost, so that it became quite impossible for the men to stay where they had camped. We heard them shouting as they ran about towards any fire they saw; but the heavy snow storms caught them, and they could soon run no more, or if they tried to do so they fell and never rose again.

And, much later, as the survivors were approaching Kovno:

> We heard at intervals (writes Bourgogne) the sound of the artillery, which seemed to us like the expiring sigh of our army.

It was by the death of the army as a collective organism, as much as by the fate of its individual members, that Bourgogne's imagination was deeply troubled. His Memoirs are full of the love of the *Grande Armée*—its marching songs, its gallantries, its parade-ground slang, the *cantinières*, wrinkled or blooming, good humoured or morose, who had bumped along in their carts on the track of its victories and shared the grimmest moments of its dissolution. Bourgogne himself survived, not much the worse for wear till 1867, and, in his last years, in a placid provincial hotel he would sometimes recognise beneath the traits of a stout *commerçant* the comrade who had suffered with him in the snows of Russia. Then wives and families would be forgotten; wine would be drawn; and the middle-aged pair would sit up far into the night talking of this incident and that, and of how with their own eyes they had seen the Emperor in fur-lined cloak and purple velvet

* *Memoirs of Sergeant Bourgogne.* With an introduction by Sir John Fortescue. The St. Giles Library. Cape, 1s. 9d.

cap trudging, baton in hand, among the marshals and princes of the Empire. The Emperor—ah, what a mighty genius! how good to think and talk of him in the reign of the citizen king! It is an odd fact that, although human beings may feel a transitory and selfish regard for the ruler who brings them prosperity and material contentment, it is to the leader who taxes their capacity for suffering and endurance that in after years their imaginations and their hearts belong.

PETER QUENNELL

BACK TO SAMUEL SMILES

The Recovery of the West. By MICHAEL ROBERTS. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is a very serious book in almost every sense and, as every reviewer loves to say and the publisher to quote, deserves to be read—in every sense, even as a warning. Mr. Roberts's publisher says on the jacket that the author "is already one of the spokesmen for his contemporaries." The statement is important and ambiguous. In a sense we are all, as soon as we find a publisher, a spokesman for our contemporaries. The question is what contemporaries and how many? The publisher should have given us the date of Mr. Roberts's birth. And even so, Mr. Roberts is a contemporary of Mr. Bertrand Russell at one end, Mr. Auden somewhere near the middle, and "the younger generation" at the other end. To the Victorian who remembers to have seen *Self-Help* lying on the nursery table and revolted against it under the stern eye of the Victorian nurse or governess, there is a depressing echo of Samuel Smiles in the voice of Mr. Michael Roberts speaking for his contemporaries. One hears it, too, pretty often from the B.B.C. in postscripts, the Children's Hour, and that masterpiece of half-truths, generalisation and comforting uplift which precedes the 8 a.m. news. So that it is probable that Mr. Roberts speaks for a good many of his contemporaries.

That does not mean that he speaks the truth. The trouble with the Smilesian school of thought is that it deals almost exclusively with half-truths. Mr. Roberts follows his model. The vast majority of his sentences are categorical statements in the form of generalisations. Ninety-nine per cent. of them are half-truths. An argument built up on an unending series of half-truths produces a twilight world of the intellect in which after a short time you can prove or believe anything. That is the world into which Mr. Roberts, with portentous seriousness, leads his reader. In those regions, where nothing but dim bats and moths of thoughts brush against your brain, it is difficult to keep any hold on facts or realities, but, if you do, you are after a time in the unpleasant predicament—for a reviewer—of thinking that almost every sentence may be true or half-true and at the same time nonsense. For instance, here is a small point, but characteristic of Mr. Roberts. The decay of Christian doctrine about the afterlife, he says, has made actual life and its enjoyments appear much more valuable. The Crusader and the martyr have therefore disappeared. "It is not that people are less brave than their ancestors, but merely that they can see nothing to set against the loss of their own lives or those of other people. The individual life becomes too precious to sacrifice: heroism and self-sacrifice become matters for mockery; and then, in the long run, life itself loses its savour." If Mr. Roberts had stopped his generalising for half a second and condescended to take cognizance of such facts as the figures of death on the roads, let alone the war of 1914 and the war of 1939, he would have realised that the premises of his argument are quarter-truths and the conclusion not far short of nonsense.

The method adopted by Mr. Roberts for proving the main thesis of his book is the same used by him in this argument about death and produces a similar cobweb of doubtful generalisation. Roughly this odyssey in the twilight may be summarised as follows. Western civilisation is suffering from decay, moral and intellectual. There is a "loss of social confidence and alertness," a profound social disillusionment. The "disease" is diagnosed as psychological and therefore, in opposition to Spengler, as curable. It is due to the increase in scepticism, the loss of all belief in ethical and artistic standards of value, and the refusal to accept "authority either in morals or art." One of the chief symptoms is the fact that "people" continually insist on rights and decline to accept duties or responsibilities. The cure is that "people" should once more accept "authority" in cultural and moral questions. It is not quite clear what authorities we are to accept with regard to books, pictures, architecture and music, and it is a pity that Mr. Roberts did not at least tell us whether we should be less socially diseased if we did or did not accept the authority of Royal Academicians. But about morals he is quite explicit. If only "people" accept the authority of the Christian religion, all will be well.

The weakness of Mr. Roberts's generalising method is shown by the fact that in order to describe what he says one continually has to use the word "people." In fact, the most important premise in his argument is a half-truth which, in the form of a generalisation, is worthless as the basis of any social diagnosis. The psychological condition of sceptical disillusion which he universalises has been in the last twenty years applicable to about one per cent. of the population. It was, no doubt, a marked characteristic of the young bourgeois intellectual, educated in universities. It was practically non-existent in "the people," the vast mass of the population. An analysis of social and psychological facts instead of a generalisation would probably provide evidence for concluding that at no previous epoch of history have there been such large numbers of "people" who, although they were (rightly) dissatisfied with certain conditions in society, were in no sense of the word disillusioned and who combined an exiguous amount of scepticism with considerable eagerness for truth and knowledge and an unprecedented sense of social responsibility.

It would take much too much space to deal adequately with Mr. Roberts's cure. But two things may be said of it. First it may be pointed out to Mr. Roberts that the authority of Christianity had in certain parts of the world been accepted for at least 1,500 years and was still accepted, say, between the years 1750 and 1880. The history of those years and places is not very encouraging. Why should the acceptance of authority have the beneficent effects in 1941 which it apparently failed to have for 1,500 years before 1880? Secondly, Mr. Roberts's argument for nine-tenths of his book really resolves itself into a statement that if we want to be comfortable, we must accept authority. The nasty question will, however, pop up its impertinent head: "What about truth?" At last Mr. Roberts has to attend to it and he devotes a chapter to the relation between truth and the authority of Christianity. He maintains that Christianity is not only comfortable but true, but in the end his "proof" amounts to a mere repetition of the statement that it is true because it is comfortable. All questions are begged in his generalisation that "a belief in something like the Christian story is plainly a social necessity." The sentence provokes a further question: "Why 'plainly'?" The present reviewer, whenever he finds that the word "plainly" or "obviously" has crept into one of his sentences, crosses it out, for he has learnt by experience that in nine cases out of ten the statement made in it is one which is neither plain nor obvious, which he cannot prove, and which is probably untrue.

LEONARD WOOLF

LONDON'S BURNING

History Under Fire. Photographs by CECIL BEATON. Commentary by JAMES POPE-HENNESSY. *Batsford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Beaton's frontispiece shows a view of St. Paul's which no camera—not even Mr. Beaton's—could have picked out before the morning of 31st December, 1940. "The Western Campanili of St. Paul's Cathedral, seen through a Victorian shop-front," is the caption. *Through!* Wren's towers in the distance, rising above smoky ruin, scarcely

LEGAL & GENERAL

WHOLE LIFE AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES

both participating and non-participating

INCLUDE WAR RISKS WITHIN THE UNITED KINGDOM

so long as the life assured remains a civilian.

Part-time duty in the Civil Defence Services and the Home Guard as at present constituted is included in the cover.

The Society is prepared also to consider War Risks both at home and abroad in respect of non-civilian lives, each proposal being considered on its merits.

Life Assurance is more necessary to-day than ever before—ask for full particulars now.

LEGAL & GENERAL
ASSURANCE SOCIETY LIMITED

Chief Administration: ALDWYCH HOUSE, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2
Branches in all principal Towns.

Established 1836. *General Manager: Vernon E. Boys.* *Assets exceed* £54,000,000.

KABLOONA

by GONTRAN de PONCINS Introduction by ERIC LINKLATER

Kabloona is the Eskimo word for 'the white man'. The author, a French scientist, describes with admirable vitality a winter spent among the Eskimos of Northern Canada, sharing their stinking igloos, eating frozen raw fish, fresh seal and caribou, undergoing tortures from the icy winds, and submitting to the curious whims of his simple hosts. Almost better than the descriptions are the author's drawings and photographs which illustrate his book.

[Large Crown 8vo 12s 6d net]

Recommended by the Book Society: chosen by the American Book-of-the-Month Club

The Crisis of Civilization

ALFRED COBBAN

Reader in French History at University College, London

An analysis of the roots of social government and the State in the light of present events, and a detailed plan for Britain's New Order, both in Europe and at home, by the author of *Dictatorship: Its History and Theory*. [12s 6d net]

Germany Possessed

H. G. BAYNES

'An interpretation of Hitler himself and of Hitlerian Germany in terms of the psychological theories of Jung, valuable because it gives us a credible and comprehensive picture of what we are faced with.' *Sunday Times* [16s net]

Canada: America's Problem

JOHN MacCORMAC

'A very lively and informative guide. Those who make the North-West passage under his leadership will find much that was mysterious made clear, while much that may have been dull becomes exciting.' *Observer* [10s 6d net]

MONGOL JOURNEYS

by OWEN LATTIMORE

'He must be one of the most thorough learners who ever went into a foreign land to understand its past and its present. . . . Having taught himself the rudiments of Mongol, Mr. Lattimore bought four camels and a tent, and hired Arash, a Lama who had fled from the outer Mongolian Revolution, to superintend his wanderings through Inner Mongolia.' [*Times Literary Supplement* 12s 6d net]

History In My Time

OTTO STRASSER

A picture of Germany from 1918-1933, translated from the German and with an introduction by DOUGLAS REED. 'A very good account of the inner politics leading up to Hitler's grasp of power.' *Times Educational Supplement* [10s 6d net]

A Friend of France

IAN E. BLACK

'He has something of philosophic political value to offer as a guide through the revolutionary turmoil of the times. He is good about economics and finance. His whole doctrine deserves wide attention.' *Observer* [10s 6d net]

I Was One of Them

ZYGMUNT LITYNSKI

'My book of the week. A brilliant first-hand account of experiences in many theatres of the present war. . . . A grand book.' James Agate in the *Daily Express*

'A remarkably good book.' Sir John Squire in the *Illustrated London News* [10s 6d net]

POWER POLITICS by Georg Schwarzenberger, Ph.D.

will be published on August 6th. The author is a distinguished international jurist and a lecturer at London University. His book is a sociological study of the development, structure and working forces of the international system. It is a full examination of the relations of sovereign states to each other and of the relation of the state to the individual. Already, when people are asking what we are fighting for, the problem of the post-war adjustment and settlement are exercising many minds. Those who are looking forward to a better future cannot choose a wiser or cooler guide than the writer of this book.

[Demy 8vo 21s net]

JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

reach the eye; it is the foreground, black and menacing, that strikes. All that remains of the shop-front is a skirt of railing, a tall arched doorway, a skeleton of steel with stone clinging; as bleak a hieroglyph as Stonehenge. Looking at this picture one remembers other such anatomies of buildings in London. Everywhere they are to be found: John Lewis's, First Avenue Hotel in Holborn, Wolfe and Hollander's (Tottenham Court Road), the Blackfriars Ring, shops at the Elephant, gutted cinemas, glassless stations; and in nearly every case (I would except Lewis's) the ruin possesses a beauty the edifice lacked. That is shocking, however one looks at it. A destruction that destroys ugliness is not altogether, as the phrase goes, senseless; hideous in intention, it may have an impressive, even a transforming, touch. We are loth to admit what the eye proclaims—very well, there are plenty of alleys of escape: brutal attack, tragic loss of life, war on civilians. But the fact remains. Three-quarters of London would be better away. So many streets no more than a monument to ground rents and tastelessness, so many buildings speaking only of the contractors' fee! When we talk of "our heritage," we should remember this, too.

I have dwelt rather long on one photograph out of fifty-two. It is our introduction to the book, and the *motif* is only once or twice repeated. *History Under Fire* gives a record of the destruction we may all (posterity included) deplore: Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, Somerset House, the Middle Temple Hall, Wren's churches (eleven gone in a night), Bloomsbury Squares and Nash Terraces—some of these damaged beyond repair. In his photographs of these wrecks Mr. Beaton has made a very remarkable use of the camera, finding a ruined grandeur and, as it were, the pattern in dereliction; hinting at human tragedy in a toppled statue, a broken-off arm or leg. So essentially photographic is his skill that even his highlights and shadows tell a story. A *species aeternitatis* slants across the wall monument of St. Mary-le-Bow (p. 53), with rosettes and other fragments of the ceiling below; those fragments, in the foreground, are in shadow. Notice also (p. 38) the view of Westminster Hall from an overlooking window; sunlight plays over and round the gashed fabric in the upper right-hand corner; a crater occupies the dark middle foreground; the eye travels on to the bottom left corner where, black on almost black, the Charles I statue rides down and out of the picture. Those who want other testimony of Mr. Beaton's skill might study also the photographs of Dr. Johnson's statue at St. Clement Dane's (p. 98), of the fallen roofing in St. Anne and St. Agnes (p. 73), and of the east window of St. Anne's, Soho, showing the figure of Lady Grace Pierrepont (p. 86). The value of the last photograph is enhanced by the fact that bombing has since ruined even ruin.

Mr. Pope-Hennessy had the difficult task of providing a commentary to go with the pictures. Wisely, and for the most part learnedly and gracefully, he has gone his own way. His "history," pinned to architecture, revives the past with genuine feeling and an agreeable sharpness of judgment. Speaking of previous raids, he comes to Henry VIII's "dissolution of the monasteries." Dissolution is a good appeaser's word, which innocent children at school swallow with awe; the hoary phrase is followed in Mr. Pope-Hennessy's text by this sentence about the monasteries: "Victims of that pack of wolverines, the Tudor rich, they were gutted and torn down, and their stones used to construct palaces for the new nobility"; and he cites the example of Austin Friars, sold and stripped of all but the nave by Lord Winchester. The other depredations that keep returning to Mr. Pope-Hennessy's narrative were due some to accident (the Great Fire), but more to private greed (Tudor nobles and modern speculators).

He mentions—the details are new to me—the destruction of a number of Wren churches in Victorian times. St. Antholin, Budge Row, gave way to the building of Queen Victoria Street. "Before the Victorians tore down a Wren church, an elaborate (and quite characteristic) service of 'deconsecration' would be held in it with the Lord Mayor and the Bishop of London." What an advance in our own day, when the disappearance of an Adelphi Terrace would be modestly sealed with a prospectus!

Mr. Pope-Hennessy, in the most elegant of prose, lets fly at times. On one point, however, touching the present he is curiously silent. The photograph opposite p. 74 shows the Tijou gates in St. Paul's cluttered with masonry from the roof. But why were the gates there at all, why are they (so far as I know) still there waiting for bigger and better bombs? If the balance sheets of bank clients can be sent to safety in the country there seems to be a case for evacuating the Tijou gates. Or must they remain to be added to the list of Nazi crimes? And how many other such masterpieces are being exposed to danger night after night? All Mr. Pope-Hennessy says on this important general question is that the carvings in St. James's, Piccadilly, were removed to safety before the church was bombed, while those of St. Lawrence Jewry were not.

History Under Fire has the advantage over other records of being compiled by two men of unusual talent. Mr. Beaton, I believe, is employed to the limit of his capacities by the Government, and I hope that more than a casual use is being made of Mr. Pope-Hennessy, too. If London is ever to be rebuilt, Londoners will have first to be educated to look round them with an appraising and critical eye. We need more books like *History Under Fire*. Even more we need the public authorities and the private citizens capable of drawing the right lessons.

G. W. STONIER

CAMBRIDGE CRAM

The Concise Cambridge History of English Literature. By GEORGE SAMPSON. *Cambridge University Press.* 15s.

Mr. George Sampson, with an industry that it would be hard to over-praise, has reduced the fourteen volumes of the *Cambridge History of English Literature* to under a thousand pages; and he has added a chapter of over a hundred pages in which he judges Late-Victorian and Post-Victorian writers. Exactly what useful purpose is served by such an epitome may seem uncertain; it is not to be expected that anyone will read it through; two and a half pages on Donne cannot be very enlightening; and when one needs to know a date, there are already available such books of reference as Saintsbury's, Legouis and Cazamian's, and the *Oxford Companion to English Literature*. But it is fair to examine Mr. Sampson's work on the assumption that another succinct guide is in fact required.

The *Cambridge History* not only is a work conspicuously uneven in quality, but inevitably reflects the tastes of a vanished age, since it was written chiefly by Victorian scholars. Mr. Sampson, one soon notices with disappointment, has not often allowed himself to correct the prejudices of his original. "Shakespeare is not squeamish, but, equally, he is not grossly coarse for coarseness' sake." I should have thought that no scholar writing to-day would have the forehead to talk such outworn balderdash. Mr. Sampson similarly deprecates the notion that the Sonnets are a direct relation of experience: "Would any man set down in poems for circulation the exact story of his intimate relations with identifiable persons? . . . We must not fail to remember that the author of the Sonnets was also a dramatist." In the same style, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* are once again presented to us as the mellow self-expression of a poet who has found serenity—a paradox that one supposed had been finally exploded. After this, we learn without surprise that *The Country Wife* is "no frivolous entertainment, but something more resembling a savage exposure of folly and shams." In due course we are told about the disconcerting physical insensibility of Smollett—Smollett who had a skin too few, who wrote with abnormal disgust about the cruelties and filthinesses that his contemporaries took for granted. Then comes Dickens:

> Another charge, gravely made, is that Dickens did not "face the facts of life"—even more, that he deliberately avoided them, and left us nothing but young men and women who are sexually null and void. We may at once admit that this is true and rejoice that it is true.

Why we should rejoice is left in obscurity. (And in this case Mr. Sampson seems to be speaking for himself—at least I can trace no such rejoicing in the original article on Dickens by Saintsbury in the *Cambridge History*.) Is it not evident that the Victorian novelists were grotesquely handicapped by having to write for the *jeune fille*? Did not Thackeray complain of lacking the freedom enjoyed by his great predecessors and his Continental contemporaries? One must hope that Mr. Sampson's volume will not persuade yet another generation of students that their examiners wish to be regaled with priggish nonsense.

Some notice has been taken of recent scholarships. But Mr. Sampson has not thought fit to refer to the remarkable diaries that have been published in this century, like Woodforde's and

HITLER'S INVASION OF RUSSIA

has afforded one more striking example of the great value of "Keesing's" to all those in need of an accurate, exhaustive and unbiased work of reference on current events.

"KEESING'S"

places at your finger tips every relevant item in the situation—political, economic, social, military, naval—all over the world, from 1931 up to last week. "Keesing's" *can never be out of date.*

Each week subscribers receive a new bulletin recording comprehensively the previous week's news, facts and figures. Maps and charts supplement the reports. Any item can be instantly turned up by means of the cumulative weekly Index. A special loose-leaf binding case is supplied to file the issues and indices for permanent reference.

"Keesing's" has just completed its 10th year of publication and a new publishing year started on the 1st July making this a particularly opportune time to enter a subscription.

The Service is neither costly nor clumsy. Designed for rapid reference, it is as often used for leisured reading. Particulars will be gladly sent without any obligation.

To KEESING'S LTD. (*Temporary Address*) 24 Bath Road, Keynsham, Bristol.

Please send me full particulars of your news-cum-reference service, without cost or obligation on my part.

Name ..... Address N.S.30

NELSON BOOKS

JUST PUBLISHED

Jacobite Epilogue

HENRIETTA TAYLER

This important publication throws new light on the adventures and vicissitudes of the adherents to the Stuart Cause. Based almost entirely on hitherto untapped manuscript sources, it mainly covers that tragic period after the Risings when so many prominent men were in exile abroad.

Illustrated, 15s. net

Dictators

J. D. CHAMBERS

This timely and illuminating study of Dictators past and present deserves the widest possible reading. Dr. Chambers analyses the careers and characters of famous dictators of the past, and isolates certain factors common to all. He applies the same reasoning to the present-day Dictators of Europe and draws certain significant conclusions.

4s. net

A Puzzle Mine

H. E. DUDENEY

Some 350 real brain-teasers by that king of puzzle-propounders, the late H. E. Dudeney. Guaranteed to stretch and refresh the mind. Edited by Mr. Dudeney's friend, J. Travers, B.A., B.Sc., also a mathematical expert.

5s. net

RECENT SUCCESSES ★

C. E. M. Joad's

Philosophy for Our Times

Professor Joad, who has increased his already large following through his membership of the B.B.C. "Brains Trust," expresses in this engrossing book his own philosophy and examines the complex problems of the world to-day. Now in its Third Edition.

7s. 6d. net

An Outline of Money

GEOFFREY CROWTHER

The real meaning of money explained in simple terms by the well-known broadcaster and Editor of *The Economist*. "Lucid, entertaining and informative."—*Truth*.

10s. net

Everest the Challenge

SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND

Even the War cannot dwarf the epic of the struggles to climb Mount Everest, and Sir Francis Younghusband tells, as no one else can, the stories of the great climbs which he helped to bring about.

Illustrated with photographs 3s. net ★

FOR READERS OF FRENCH

Collection Nelson

This famous collection contains the best-known names in the literature of France, and includes such famous modern writers as Duhamel, Maurois and Peisson.

Each 2s. net

Ask for list of titles in this and other important Nelson series in French.

NELSON

PARKSIDE WORKS EDINBURGH

NEW "BATSFORD" BOOKS

Those unable to inspect these volumes at their usual Booksellers are invited to apply for illustrated detailed prospectus, which will be sent post free.

HISTORY UNDER FIRE

A record of the tragic savagery of the German aerial bombardment of London during 1940-41, when a not inconsiderable body of our most precious works of Architecture was destroyed or irreparably disfigured.

By CECIL BEATON & JAMES POPE-HENNESSY

Large Demy 8vo (9 × 6½ ins.). Cloth. Price 8s. 6d. net

Mr. Beaton's photographs, of which there are more than 50, convey the loss with tragic intensity, and Mr. Pope-Hennessy's commentary emphasises the wealth of craftsmanship, tradition and history crystallised in these ruins.

ENGLAND AND THE FARMER

Edited by H. J. MASSINGHAM. Demy 8vo. Cloth. Price 10s. 6d. net

A symposium of contributions by a group of famous advocate experts such as Lord Lymington, Sir Albert Howard, C. Henry Warren, Adrian Bell, R. Gardiner, Dr. L. J. Picton and Sir George Stapledon, who discuss, each in his own field, present wartime expedients and future possibilities. The editor contributes a stimulating introduction, whilst the whole is illustrated in the typical Batsford manner by over 80 reproductions from unusually interesting photographs.

THE ENGLISH SCENE IN THE WORK OF PROSE WRITERS SINCE 1700

Edited by F. J. WALBANK, with an introduction by Sir JOHN SQUIRE

Demy 8vo. Cloth. Price 12s. 6d. net

The work of over two centuries of English prose writers has provided Mr. Walbank with the material for this anthology. Every aspect of English life, the Manor, Village, Farm and Factory, Landscape, Field, Relics, and so on, is introduced crisply and informatively by the editor. The volume is illustrated by 4 colour plates and over 50 monochrome reproductions from contemporary drawings, prints, etc.

An important addition to the "British Heritage Series"

ENGLISH CHURCH CRAFTSMANSHIP from A.D. 1100-1800

By F. H. CROSSLEY, F.S.A. Demy 8vo. Cloth. Price 8s. 6d. net

The recent wanton destruction of some of the choicest examples of church craftsmanship in London, Bristol, Coventry and elsewhere, has drawn attention to the riches still remaining to us in our churches, and the present book, written by an author fitted perhaps more than any other to examine and describe this precious inheritance in stone, wood, metal, glass or paint, will form a welcome addition to the publishers well-known "British Heritage Series." It contains more than 200 illustrations from specially selected photographs and 3 plates in colour.

ANCIENT ENGLAND

By EDMUND VALE. Demy 8vo. Cloth. Price 10s. 6d. net

A survey of the great national heritage of ancient monuments, prehistoric and Roman remains, old crosses, castles, abbeys and houses, scattered throughout England, many of them remotely situated. The volume is illustrated by over 100 fine and hitherto unpublished photographs and drawings, together with 2 plates in colour.

TIME EXPOSURE

By CECIL BEATON

Large Demy 8vo (9×6½ ins.). Cloth. Price 12s. 6d. net

Containing over 300 reproductions of Mr. Beaton's finest photographs grouped under PERSONALITIES, TRAVEL, the STAGE, BALLET, GENRE, FASHION, and so on. The range and variety of the illustrations are remarkable. Besides those of purely decorative or artistic appeal, there are unique portraits of many of the celebrities of the last fifteen years, in art, literature, music, fashion, and so on, ending with a gallery of the leading figures of the present war, including most of the War Cabinet, and some magnificent studies of Mr. Winston Churchill. Not the least interesting part of the book is the witty introductory essay and commentary by PETER QUENNELL.

★ ★ ★

It is perhaps not generally known that the House of Batsford, now approaching its centenary, is alone in maintaining the 18th century tradition of publisher-cum-bookseller—indeed it is the last remaining representative of an "apostolic succession" of publisher-booksellers dating back to the mid-17th century. Some idea of the character and variety of Batsford's vast stock of OLD, RARE and MODERN BOOKS ON THE ARTS, besides Pictures, Drawings and Prints, may be gathered from the CATALOGUE No. 105, just issued, which contains descriptions of some 1,300 lots, with 32 pages of illustrations of selected items. A copy will be sent post free to any interested Collector on request.

★ ★ ★

B. T. BATSFORD, LTD., 15 North Audley Street, London, W.1

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

By VIRGINIA COWLES

"By an unerring instinct she knows where trouble is or soon will be, and always she has contrived to be on the spot when trouble arises . . . She remains entirely at ease in the presence of the great personages who now appear to hold the destinies of mankind in their hands. Her long and minutely written book tells the story of European fortunes or miseries from the civil war in Spain up to the bombardment of London, and she seems to have foreseen exactly where the next crisis in those unhappy years of apprehension or actual warfare would arise . . . This is, indeed, a wise and fascinating contribution to history."

HENRY W. NEVINSON (*Observer*).

"A vivid and exciting story . . . Often she reveals a brilliant sense of comedy."

Sunday Times.

"Her record is remarkable . . . As readable a book as you could wish."

Times Literary Supplement.

"It is an almost unrivalled experience for a journalist, and what Miss Cowles heard and saw—the tragic and the trivial, the eternal and the ephemeral—she has made into a story which is alive from beginning to end . . . A fine book." *The Times.*

"She has a special gift for lightening her story with flashes of comedy and entertainment."

ROBERT LYND (*News Chronicle*).

"Packed with anecdotes which combine wit with psychological insight . . . The book is heartily recommended."

A. CALDER-MARSHALL (*Time and Tide*).

"Miss Virginia Cowles' very remarkable book . . . Her book is as fine as the spirit she shows, and every page makes history."

Punch.

"Of the greatest interest and historical value."

Manchester Guardian.

"By far the best book of its type."

Daily Mail.

"Provides unfailing entertainment throughout its 480 pages." *Reynolds.*

2nd large printing

12s. 6d. net

HAMISH HAMILTON

Kilvert's; and, though he speaks of the letters of Mrs. Montague and Hannah More, he omits to notice the far superior talent of Lady Bessborough. It seems a pity to write about Hogg and not commend *The Confessions of a Justified Sinner*. And I see little point in weighing the book down with such dead wood as this:

> Nothing need be said about *The Captives* (not published till 1883), *A Mayden-Head well lost* (printed in 1634), or *A Challenge for Beautie* (printed in 1636), or *Loves Maistresse: Or, the Queens Masque*, performed in 1633.

If Mr. Sampson may be thought to efface himself unduly when potting the *Cambridge History*, no such complaint can be made about his chapter on books by the living and recently dead. As time has only begun the work of sifting, such a chapter must be most difficult to plan. In any case, no pilgarlic should attempt it, for which of us can hope to sympathise with the work of a generation thirty years younger than ourselves? Doubtless objectivity in the criticism of one's contemporaries and juniors is unattainable, but it would seem appropriate in such a work as Mr. Sampson's at least to try to avoid personal bias. Mr. Sampson proclaims his prejudices with gusto, and the results are singular. Eight times more space is given in this book to Galsworthy than to Wycherley, and nearly four times more than to Congreve. (It is fair to add that the account is not very enthusiastic.) Barrie is thought to need longer consideration than Donne, and over three times more than Webster. No mention is made of authors so influential and characteristic in their various ways as the philosopher George Moore, Roger Fry, Ronald Firbank and Aldous Huxley. Arthur Waley, whose translations might be thought to place him in the company of North, Florio and Chapman, is considered unworthy of notice. Space, however, is found for an encomium upon Mary Webb. The account of T. S. Eliot, though severe, is thoughtful and shows an attempt to be fair, but Mr. Sampson gives no attention to the extraordinary late poetry of Yeats. Carried away by his violent disapproval of Lytton Strachey, he declares that "*Books and Characters: French and English* showed no special distinction: it was like most other books of its sort." (It included not only the dazzling appreciation of Racine, but a series of essays on Strachey's most congenial subject, Voltaire.) On the other hand, Mr. Guedalla is very well spoken of. E. M. Forster is given half as much space as Jerome K. Jerome; Virginia Woolf less than half as much as E. V. Lucas. (I take space as a convenient criterion, because in most cases Mr. Sampson evidently, and rightly, relates space to his view of an author's value.) Of Mrs. Woolf's novels we are told: "Actually they are the attempts of an essayist not instinctively a novelist to use fiction as a means of expression"—a sentence that might have some sense if applied to Aldous Huxley. There is no word about her specific gift for writing prose. An explanation of Mr. Sampson's general attitude is however available: he has little feeling for style. When I read his dismissal of Congreve's *Incognita* as of no intrinsic interest, I presumed, too charitably, that having never read the book, he was following the *Cambridge History*. But now that I have read his final chapter I perceive that its beauty would escape him. Lacking a sense of style, one cannot see that *The Waves* shows a more sustained effort of the imagination than anything in de Quincey; that Max Beerbohm has a better chance of survival than almost anyone of his generation; and that Lytton Strachey will continue to be read even by those who disagree with his opinions. One ends Mr. Sampson's book thankful that in the greater part of it he has been content to epitomise his predecessors.

The Concise Cambridge History of English Literature appears under the aegis of a distinguished press, by which it is recommended as the summary of an authoritative if already antiquated work. There is a likelihood, therefore, that it will be bought for schools, where its views will command unquestioning respect. The greater part of it is accurate in its facts, and blameless in its judgments. It may on occasion be useful to writers when they need to discover a date. But it is hardly a book that I should care to see in the hands of any young person of either sex.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

A PLAN FOR EDUCATION

The End of the Old School Tie. By T. C. WORSLEY. Searchlight Books. *Secker and Warburg.* 2s.

There is a general and spreading feeling that something is amiss with education. Within the last six months I have seen five books purporting to tell us what it is. The two that I have read, by Sir Richard Livingstone and Mr. Worsley, are both first-rate.

What are the reasons for this newly awakened interest? Here are four. There is, first, the realisation that by means of education the Nazis, the Fascists and the Marxists have succeeded, as Mr. Worsley puts it, in turning out men and women to order; "not, it is true, cut to an exact pattern, but close enough for practical purposes." Mr. Worsley adds that the public schools can and do do the same, which brings us to the second reason, namely, that the products whom the public schools are in fact turning out have to-day become objects of criticism rather than of admiration. We are not content, says Mr. Worsley, that the public schools should go on "turning out masses of 'leaders' of the out-of-date pattern who have landed us where we are."

Thirdly, the question whether we want their products or not is no longer to the point, since the public schools can no longer continue to supply them. The economic circumstances of their *clientèle* are no longer such as will enable them to afford their fees, still less the fees of the preparatory schools which have hitherto been their main sources of supply.

Fourthly—to my mind the most important reason—there has come to us a renewed realisation of the anomaly that, though we are assured that we are "all in it together" fighting for a common heritage and a common tradition, "we" are still to all intents and purposes the two nations of Disraeli's time, and that the source of our division is to be found in our two systems of education, one for 80 per cent., conducted at the public expense and ending at 14; and the other for the remaining 20 per cent., conducted largely at private expense and continuing to 18 or even 22, the factor determining to which system a boy shall be allocated being, not his ability to profit by its treatment, but the size of his father's bank balance.

Mr. Worsley's analysis of this situation and its consequential evils is admirable. Special counts in his indictment are the irrelevance of the so-called "culture" imparted in schools to the realities of urban and industrial life, and the divorce which this irrelevance effects between the intellectual who has knowledge and ideas and the man of action who has power. Never have intellectuals been so impotent or so suspect; never have the public school "leaders" been so lacking in the refinements of culture and civilisation, with the result that the tough have never been so harsh to the clever, or the clever so rude to the tough. However, the analysis is familiar. What are the remedies?

First, a general principle: there must be maximum uniformity of education under a single State system up to the age of 15, and a maximum variety of different types of schools and colleges, adapted to the needs and talents of the individual rather than to the economic

Ready July 31st

AMERICA CHOOSES!

in the words of

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

JUNE 1940—JULY 1941

GORDON BECKLES has arranged the President's important speeches and messages to Congress together with a brilliant running commentary of his own that gives the domestic situation in U.S. from month to month and demonstrates the remarkable swing-over in public opinion from isolationism to "aid for Britain." 5/- net

Reprinting Immediately

BEHIND THE NAZI FRONT

JOHN McCUTCHEON RALEIGH

records his experiences in wartime Berlin, Poland and Czechoslovakia. Foreword by F. A. VOIGT.

"The reporter *par excellence*."—TIMES LIT. SUP. "A testimony . . . of the highest value."—CAVALCADE. 10/6 net

ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN

HARTZELL SPENCE

tells how his father, the parson, made Christian living good fun.

"A modest masterpiece of humour and controlled pathos."—NEW STATESMAN 8/6 net

HARRAP BOOKS

Australia speaks!

TO THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN AT WAR

FROM THE

PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA

Speeches delivered in Great Britain by

R. G. Menzies

"Mr. Menzies has left behind him a fine epilogue of what he has seen of Great Britain at war . . . the grace and force of a whole series of eloquent speeches have made a very real contribution to the common cause."

The Times

Paper, 2/- net Cloth, 3/6 net

LONGMANS

THE ANGLO-SOVIET JOURNAL

The Quarterly Journal of the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R. which provides authoritative, reliable information about every aspect of the social, cultural and economic life of Soviet Russia.

Contents of special July No.

1. Judging the U.S.S.R., by H. Benn.
2. The Human Aspect of Soviet Industrial Planning, by L. Crawshay Williams.
3. The Soviet Budget—an Evaluation, by Beatrice King.
4. Soviet Youth, by Andrew Rothstein.
5. Electrification in the U.S.S.R. by Hugh P. Vowles, M.I.Mech.E.
6. The Red Army—Its Organisation and Education, by B. L. King.
7. Notes and News—Reports from the Press.
8. Biographical Sketches. Book Reviews.

24 pages of illustrations, 2s.

Order your copy in advance from any bookseller or direct from the publishers:

LINDSAY DRUMMOND LTD.

6, Buckingham Street, W.C. 2.

Book NOW for the

Fifth Extra Week

of the

FABIAN SUMMER SCHOOL

Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon

30th August to 6th September

Director:

Mrs. BARBARA WOOTTON

Lecturers:

JOHN PARKER, M.P.

Ald. A. EMIL DAVIES, J.P., L.C.C.

Professor G. E. CATLIN

Professor C. E. M. Joad

OSCAR POLLAK

W. B. CURRY

Inclusive Terms:

Single or Double Rooms: Members 90/-, Non-Members £5.

Multiple Rooms £1 reduction.

FABIAN SOCIETY, 11, Dartmouth Street, S.W.1 (WHI 3077)

THE **THINKER'S FORUM** OF VITAL INTEREST

The God of War

By Joseph McCabe. A brilliant essay, showing how the Bible conception of God has fostered the War spirit.

The Danger of Being an Atheist

By A. Gowans Whyte. Are we waging war in defence of Christian civilization? If so, how can the Atheist be with us in the fight? An illuminating answer.

Turkey: The Modern Miracle

By E. W. F. Tomlin. The story of the remarkable change from the corrupt, theocratic state into a secular, progressive one.

Science: Curse or Blessing?

By Prof. H. Levy. "Nature," in an article on science and the ends for which it is being used, says "a timely and valuable contribution to the discussion."

Make Your Own Religion

By A. Gowans Whyte. Here is a guide to every man in the building of a sure and satisfying faith.

A Young Man's Morals

By Henry Ll. Cribb. A young soldier tells of his pilgrimage from the faith of his fathers to a more courageous outlook on life and its problems.

Why be Moral?

By Hector Hawton. Here it is proved that only on a scientific basis can an effective system of ethics be constructed.

The Giddy God of Luck

By Protonius. A drastic exposure of how the worship of the God of Luck has been inspired by human weaknesses throughout the ages.

The Art of Astrology

By Gemini. An entertaining study of the claims of astrologers and the popular appeal they have for the public of to-day.

Priest or Physician?

By George Godwin. Mr. Godwin shows that the cures, where genuine, by faith-healing can be simply and scientifically explained.

After War—Peace?

By C. Delisle Burns. Dr. Delisle Burns treats in interesting fashion the tremendous issues of war aims which should be pursued by all.

The Crisis in the Church

By Clericus. In this vigorous "open letter" to the Archbishop of York, a clergyman shows how and why the Church of England has lost its power and authority.

Each 6d. (By post 7½d.)

WATTS & CO.

5 Johnson's Ct., Fleet St., London, E.C.4

resources of his parent, thereafter. The application of this principle involves among other things the abolition of the present distinction between the elementary and secondary school codes and the abandonment, therefore, of the proposal to set up Senior Schools for older children under the former. Why, as Mr. Worsley pertinently asks, should "less money be spent on the education of children of 10, who are just as hard to teach, than on that of children of 16? Why should children of 10 have worse buildings than children of 16?"

Next, there are certain reforms which should be taken in hand *now* as the necessary preliminaries to an efficient State system. Four are stressed. First, the abolition of all private education under the age of 11; secondly, the imposition of a uniform age for entrance into public schools and secondary schools. This proposal is designed to eliminate the expensive private preparatory school which prepares boys to enter public schools at 13, while the secondary schools take them at 11. It is also designed to prepare the way for the eventual incorporation of the public schools into a single State system. Thirdly, the raising of the school leaving age to 16; fourthly, continued daytime education up to 18.

As Mr. Worsley points out, these measures are not irresponsible whimsies arising in the brain of an isolated thinker crying in the wilderness; all have been recommended by one or other of the various commissions that have sat upon education during the last twenty-five years; all, that is to say, are to be found in Fisher, in Hadow, or in Spens.

Granted the reforms, what sort of system should be our ultimate aim? In briefest outline Mr. Worsley's recommendations are, first, universal nursery schools for children from 2 to 5. He praises the existing nursery schools, but complains that there are far too few. Secondly, junior schools for boys and girls from 5 to 11½, attended compulsorily by all children at State expense. Granted smaller classes and better buildings, these, Mr. Worsley thinks, may be approved more or less on the existing model. Thirdly, senior schools for boys and girls from 11½ to 15½. This proposal presupposes the abolition of the public schools in their present form and the incorporation of those elements in them which are valuable, together with their buildings and teaching staff in a universal national system. For, of two things, one: either the teaching and training given in our public schools have no value, or they have considerable value. If the former, then the schools ought to be abolished root and branch; if the latter, it is manifestly unjust to deprive the bulk of our citizens of what is admitted to be valuable.

For the adolescents of from 15½ to 18½, Mr. Worsley would like to see an extension all over the country of local Colleges conceived after the model of Henry Morris's village Colleges in Cambridgeshire, which he justly praises. Their function would be to "co-ordinate the continued education of all adolescents apprenticed to work at 16, and those who were staying on full time at school for specialised study."

The book ends with a warning. If we are really serious in our intention to reform education after the war, we must lay our plans now. At the moment there is a strong desire for reform coupled with a disposition to review our conception of the fundamental aims and purposes of education. People are asking, To what end do we educate the young and what sort of product do we wish to turn out? Experience of the last war has shown that these heart-searching questions are apt to be forgotten when the emergency that provokes them has passed. The first casualty of peace is the wisdom learned in war. Hence we need a Royal Commission on Education now. Granted that, we may find that just as it took one war to give us an hour's extra daylight and to make women into citizens, so it may be placed to the credit of another that it has induced us to educate our children.

C. E. M. JOAD

IMMORTALS

Eight for Immortality. By RICHARD CHURCH. *Dent.* 6s.

This is a collection of essays on eight modern poets. Mr. Church has a sensitive enthusiasm which fits him admirably for writing about the poets he likes; his appreciation is always discriminating, his depreciation, on the other hand, violently uncritical. He praises W. H. Davies with the greatest nicety, but says of Mr. Ezra Pound (who is not included among the Immortals): "His verse has for me the quality of an archaeological junk shop run by a Levantine in the Tottenham Court Road." His choice of the eight for immortality shows a preference for the Georgian school of poetry which has been so indiscriminately denigrated for the last few years. Yeats and Mr. Eliot and Mr. de la Mare could hardly have been omitted from the list, but, except for Mr. Robert Graves, the others—W. H. Davies, Robert Frost, Edmund Blunden and V. Sackville-West—would be generally put down as Georgians. Mr. Church shows how much virtue there is in their work, in spite of its self-conscious modesty. On the other hand, his list is not complete, and probably does not pretend to be. If Mr. Blunden is assured of immortality, so surely is D. H. Lawrence; and there is Mr. Ezra Pound, whom Mr. Church casts out with contumely. The selection shows a bias; but once the bias is accepted, one recognises that most of the criticism is excellent.

The title is the worst part of the book; the rhetorical gift which Mr. Church employs so effectively in the essays suddenly takes the floor unimpeded. There are, it is clear, many kinds of immortality. Some poets manage to survive through time on the strength of a single poem, others on the strength of a dozen or a score, while a few carry all their work with them, long epics, tragedies and comedies, a great solid block of poetry. Of this kind of total immortality one feels that, among Mr. Church's poets, only Yeats and Mr. Eliot have much chance. In another hundred years some stray poems of W. H. Davies and Mr. Blunden may still be read, but one cannot imagine that all their work will go on existing, except in the form of collected editions. The kind of immortality a poet enjoys depends on the inherent interest and importance of what he has to say; some poets say things of such importance that all their work has to be read; others write occasionally with such beauty or originality that they win an almost fortuitous immortality. Mr. Church's Georgians belong to this happy multitude, without which poetry would be so much poorer, and so much more forbidding. It is in any case a proof of the virtue of an age that it is capable of producing something permanent, to which later ages will attend; and our age, badly as we may deserve to think of it, has not been deficient in that virtue.

Mr. Church is at his best on W. H. Davies, Robert Frost and Mr. Blunden. He has some admirable things to say about Mr. de la Mare, and defines exquisitely the rhythm of his poetry, finding in it "a certain frantic, dancing-in-the-distance quality," a fine stroke of imaginative understanding. On the other hand, he seems to find a difficulty in accounting for Mr. de la Mare's attitude to experience which is not there, unless it is there in "Tom o' Bedlam's Song" and some of the ballads as well. He is by comparison disappointing on

LENINISM ★ by STALIN

TOO MANY PEOPLE ON JULY 4th .... read for the first time a speech by Joseph Stalin.

LENINISM is a selection of Stalin's writings, speeches and lectures during the period 1924-1939. The internal and external policies of the U.S.S.R. have never been "mysterious," "enigmatic" or "inscrutable" to those who have familiarised themselves with the facts. For this reason we recommend *LENINISM* as a vital book to those millions of British people who wish to understand the fundamental basis of Soviet policy and to play their part in defending the peoples of both Britain and the Soviet Union. 668 *pages.* 7/6

More people than ever are reading "the Classics"

SELECTED WORKS OF LENIN
These twelve volumes of selections from the complete writings of Lenin, prepared by the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute, Moscow, constitute an invaluable encyclopædia of Lenin's teachings, embodying twenty years' experience of the whole international socialist movement. Attractively bound in cloth boards, each volume may be obtained separately, price 5s.

MARXIST-LENINIST LIBRARY
This series aims at providing the English reader with standard texts of the most important writings of Marx and Engels at the cheapest possible price and in uniform format. Among the eighteen volumes now available are also to be found works by Lenin, Stalin and other classical Marxist writers. Prices from 2s. 6d. to 5s.

LITTLE LENIN LIBRARY
This "Little Library" is designed, both with regard to subject matter and price, as a popular introduction to the fuller study of Lenin's writings. It consists, therefore, either of short but complete single works, such as *Left Wing Communism*, or of selections from a number of writings gathered together because of their relevance to a particular subject, such as *The Paris Commune*. Prices range from 3d. to 2s.

Please write for our latest list of Publications.

LAWRENCE & WISHART, 2, Southampton Place, W.C.1

(Distributors: Messrs. Simpkin Marshall.)

Yeats and Mr. Eliot, the two greatest poets in his list. But the book contains a great deal of close and sensitive criticism admirably expressed, and says a number of things about the poetry of this century which should be said. EDWIN MUIR

WOOLWORTH

Five and Ten.—The Fabulous Life of F. W. Woolworth. By JOHN K. WINKLER. *Robert Hale.* 12s. 6d.

As an economist who still reads Adam Smith with profit and delight, and sourly contrasts the achievements of the much maligned Manchester School with the appalling record of the Brummagem gang who captured power in 1931, I regard it as a fundamental test of a business man's activities whether those activities make for the reduction or the enhancement of scarcity. Two years ago this approach would have been regarded as old-fashioned; but while it is too much to hope that the present regime of extreme scarcity will implant any lasting economic common sense into the pates of humanity, this is a favourable moment for expatiating upon the benefits of cheapness and abundance, and for loading with proper opprobrium the muddy rascals who form international cartels to keep up the price of electric lamps and other requisites of living.

Judged by the test laid down above, the late F. W. Woolworth was a benefactor of the human race, although he did not advertise in the daily Press; and I would maintain this in the teeth of the snobs who bleat "Cheap and Nasty" whenever goods are made widely available to the masses. The Woolworth establishments provided an enormous new convenience and amenity to the population and it was no mean service to enable a poor family to acquire and deck a Christmas tree for a few shillings. It is not for me, however, to quarrel with the persons who assert that in spending my sixpences in chain stores I connive at the exploitation of producers and salespeople. I earn my living by demonstrating to successive generations of students that this is arrant nonsense, and these hoary fallacies provide me with standing ready-made material for my discourses. I would point out nevertheless that the firm of Woolworths has never, in the name of rationalisation, co-ordination, planning or other shibboleths, fostered legislation for the suppression of Marks and Spencer and other competitors, nor has it been associated with the Bank of England in any scheme for the closing down of shops. It is apparently too preoccupied in satisfying consumers to spare any time for advanced thinking.

It is a pity that this aspect was not emphasised in the rather uninspiring biography now under review. The book makes the business merely incidental to the man, and the warts on the portrait will absorb the attention of those who are looking for the picture of the crude, successful exploiter afflicted in the end with megalomania. Here we get the stock narrative of the poor boy who after one or two false starts struck a rich vein and landed in the Millionaire's Row of New York among the florid and flamboyant industrial tycoons who had made their piles in steel, oil, copper and railroads. If there were nothing more in it than that, a rich satire could be written around the translation of the profits on five and ten cent articles into a wondrous organ which operated coloured lights changing to the mood of the music, lit up in allegorical background the portrait of the particular composer under way and added sound effects of thunder, storm and rain. All by button control, with the newels of the staircase, Woolworth's bed-posts and the clothes closets piped for sound. When the organ was going at full blast, with sound effects, the whole mansion seemed to roll and rumble. Later on there was the Empire Room, at the head office, modelled upon Napoleon's. Vert Campan, green Tyros, Malachite and Pofroi marbles, a mahogany and gold desk, portrait, bust, souvenirs and relics of the Corsican. And off this room "a nice little office for the secretary, decorated very simply in cream and gold with a handsome rug and Empire furniture." But he did leave the Woolworth building as his monument; and compare that, for instance, with the edifices reared by our bankers with decades of culture behind them. G. L. SCHWARTZ

CANADA AND U.S.A.

Canada: America's Problem. By JOHN MACCORMAC. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Canada has now become a permanent ally of the United States. She must, therefore, Mr. MacCormac says, "either take her sister nations into the alliance with her in spirit, or draw away from them and the Empire." He gives strong reasons for believing that the first development will take place. By the arrangement between Great Britain and the United States about defence bases, the two countries "have acknowledged an identity of interest that is to endure for ninety-nine years. They have been sundered for only 164." Mr. MacCormac believes that Canadian leadership, if its quality is good enough, may play a decisive part in closing the schism which for these 164 years has divided the English-speaking world.

This is not the vision of a visionary. The writer is a cool observer of the interests and ideals which shape policy in the two North American countries. He has a very firm grip upon the economic and political lay-out and its historical background. His book ranks with three other excellent analyses of the Canadian nation which were published during the nineteen-thirties—those by Siegfried, Brady, and Scott. On internal affairs, his treatment is slighter than that of his predecessors; but he manages to say the essential things about the prairies and the new mining frontier in the north, about the problems of industry and finance, the constitutional tension and the relations of the two leading linguistic sections of the people. On external affairs, he writes brilliantly and with an unerring touch. His short chapter on Canadian-American relations is the most stimulating survey of the subject which has ever been published. He emphasises the recent growth of the feeling of good neighbourhood, and at the same time reveals how deeply planted is the seed which is now yielding its fruit. It was in 1817 that Great Britain and the United States agreed to demilitarise the Great Lakes. "The dismantling of their forts," Mr. MacCormac says, "was like the substitution of a smile for a frown. . . Even though this smile was a little forced at first it broadened eventually into the famous undefended frontier." It also deepened into the active co-operation presided over by the International Joint Commission. This institution is worth more attention than it has received; it has considerable significance for an age which must find the way forward from the ideal of the independence to that of the inter-dependence of nations.

The writer severely criticises Canadian policy as it has been directed, chiefly by Mr. MacKenzie King, during the past generation. It was a policy of non-commitment which was unrealistic because Canada is in fact committed by circumstances, by traditions, by emotions. In the end Canada found herself involved in a war which she might have done a good deal to prevent, had she employed her unique strategical position in the British Commonwealth so as to direct its policy along the path of peace, instead

EUROPE UNDER THE NAZIS

A new series of books which will give a complete picture of life in Europe under the Nazis. The authors have either experienced the conditions they describe or have had access to first-hand accounts.

V

These books show why it will succeed

1. **Holland Fights the Nazis**
   By L. DE JONG
   former editor of *De Groene Amsterdammer* — Out
2. **I saw Poland Suffer**
   By A POLISH DOCTOR
   who had an official position under the Nazis. — Out
3. **Norway revolts against the Nazis**
   By PROFESSOR WORM-MÜLLER
   who recently escaped from Norway. — Mid.-Aug.
4. **Belgium Unvanquished**
   By a former Belgian doctor of law and political science. — Sept.
5. **Denmark in Nazi Chains**
   By PAUL PALMÉR — Sept.

Each volume is illustrated by 16 pages of photographs.
3s. *each.*

HITLER'S WAR MACHINE
AND THE INVASION OF BRITAIN
By DR. WILHELM NECKER

The well-known expert on German military tactics reveals, **for the first time,** the whole organisation of the new German mechanised army, and explains the tactics which were so successful in France. Finally he shows how this army may operate against England, and **how it may be checked.** 12s. 6d. net

LINDSAY DRUMMOND, 6/7 Buckingham St., W.C.2

In the Mill
JOHN MASEFIELD
A Chapter of Autobiography

With Love & Irony
LIN YUTANG
By the author of 'Moment In Peking,' 'Importance of Living,' and 'My Country and My People.'

A sensational life-story:
Out of the Night
JAN VALTIN
The ruthless 'autobiography' of a secret agent forms an unforgettable, revealing and highly exciting narrative.
'Astonishing and convincing.'
H. G. WELLS

New Novels:
Walk into My Parlour
MARGARET LANE
A fascinating story of the daylight of love and the dark of the séance room.
'The novel is one which I can warmly recommend.' RALPH STRAUS, *Sunday Times.*

The Sea without a Haven
D. K. BROSTER
A fine new historical romance of the eighteenth century.

Smilin' on the Vine
NORAH HOULT
A warmhearted book of a girl from the South, by the realistic author of 'Time, Gentlemen! Time!'

HEINEMANN

LONDON UNIVERSITY DEGREES—open to all

● U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students by post for the Matriculation, Special Entrance, Intermediate, and Degree examinations. The College is an Educational Trust, not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Highly qualified resident tutors. Low fees, which may be paid by instalments. Text-book library. Free re-preparation in the event of failure, subject to clearly stated conditions. Over 10,000 U.C.C. students passed London University exams. during 1930-1940. *U.C.C. Successes at London University are audited by Chartered Accountants.*

● PROSPECTUS post free from Registrar,
UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE
70, Burlington House, Cambridge

of the path of appeasement. The writer believes that the folly of British isolationism towards Europe was produced in part by the folly of Canadian isolationism towards Britain and Europe. However, I am not certain that Mr. MacCormac himself does not favour isolationism of a new and subtle brand. He looks forward to a transfer of population, capital, and energy which will make Canada, now under-developed and underpeopled, the centre of the British Commonwealth. Does this mean that he would be content to leave Europe in chaos, with Great Britain nothing more than a defensive garrison holding the far side of the Atlantic? Whether or not the Commonwealth's centre of gravity is shifted to North America, North America will know no rest and no security unless she makes herself one of the continental pillars upholding a structure of peace which will cover all the seven seas.

This book is most pleasantly written. It is enlivened with sharp observations and much North American gusto—not too much, however: the wise-cracks are judiciously scattered. There are enough of them to entertain the reader but not enough to irritate him.

W. K. HANCOCK

La France Libre. Vol. II, No. 9. *Hamish Hamilton.* 2s. 6d.

The high intellectual level of this monthly is very well maintained. The Editor's eloquence is extraordinary—he has a flame that proclaims genius. Otherwise there is nothing this time so brilliantly written and so moving as M. Cohen's tribute to England in the last issue, but all the articles are thoughtful and instructive. M. René Avord exposes trenchantly the German talk of "revolution" as a disguise for their imperialism, and another article explains how in France the policy of collaboration is a disguise for exploitation. Then there are revealing accounts of Vichy and Alsace-Lorraine; a series of quotations about France from recent German newspapers; and a first rate article on the economic and strategic possibilities of the Russian War. The illustrations include the figure of a decrepit old woman, from Gaul, discovered symbolically enough at Vichy; and some admirable photographs of French streets and houses, which excite profound nostalgia. It is characteristic that from the comparatively small number of Frenchmen in England material is regularly found of so high an order.

The First Five Years of Life. By ARNOLD GESELL and others. *Methuen.* 21s.

Dr. Gesell's name is well known in connection with research in the psychology of infancy and early childhood. His approach provides a necessary corrective both to the psycho-analytic view, which regards the young child as a miniature generator of two kinds of libido in a state of perpetual conflict, and to the Behaviourist conception of him as a bundle of numerous capacities for minute reflex movements which are eventually organised into complex adult behaviour. During many years of work at the Yale Clinic, assisted by a number of collaborators, Gesell came very near to fixing this most elusive psychological entity, which we are apt to describe, with a somewhat facile confidence, as "normality." He is, however, cautious in his references to the motives of behaviour, and is content to observe and describe it, stressing both the amazing orderliness of early maturation, and the individuality of pattern, which makes the process of mental growth unique for every child. The book is in no sense controversial. Its very title suggests the acceptance of a view originally put forward by Freud, that the first five years have a developmental importance out of all proportion with the rest of a person's life. Its treatment of motor development takes due account of the work of John Watson's school, although Dr. Gesell does not identify such development with the growth of the mind as a whole. The importance of the book lies in the fact that it treats the young child as a totality, and issues a timely warning against the application of cut-and-dried analytical test methods. This book should be welcome. To the parent it will provide the basis for a degree of detachment indispensable for a tolerant attitude towards the child, and tell him what he may expect from the child at different ages. To the psychologist it is an excellent reference book.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

ERNEST BLOCH: *Schelomo*, Hebrew Rhapsody for Cello and Orchestra. Feuermann, with Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orch. (H.M.V. DB5816–8).

SIBELIUS: *The Swan of Tuonela.* Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orch. (H.M.V. DB5832).

DVOŘÁK: *Quartet in D major*, op. 23. Silverman Piano Quartet. (Decca K967–70).

DVOŘÁK: *Quartet in E flat*, op. 87. The Silverman Piano Quartet (Decca K971–4).

E. J. MOERAN: *Trio in G major.* Jean Pougnet, Frederick Riddle, Anthony Pini. (Col. DX1014–6).

LISZT: *Concert Study in F minor*, and SCHUMANN: *Vogel als Prophet*, and MENDELSSOHN: *Scherzo in E minor.* Moiselwitsch (H.M.V. C3227).

J. STRAUSS: *Voices of Spring.* Rawicz and Landauer (Col. DB2026).

GRIEG: *Haugtussa*, op. 67. Kirsten Flagstad, acc. Edwin McArthur (H.M.V. DB5833–6).

BACH: *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring*, and HANDEL: *Praise Ye the Lord.* John McCormack, acc. Gerald Moore (H.M.V. DA1786).

THOSE of my readers who are familiar with the paintings of Rouault will have no difficulty in evoking the emotional world of Ernest Bloch. Both are very strong meat, indeed, and those who prefer milder would do well to avoid them. Bloch has been at pains to insist publicly on the Old Testament character of his inspiration, yet what *Schelomo* instantly calls to my mind is a Stations of the Cross painted, as I have said, by Rouault. The passionate gloom of this music is, at a first hearing, violently distressing, as if one were being compelled to assist at a slow murder. And even when one has accustomed oneself to so much tragic chiaroscuro, there remains perhaps something horrifying, because so deeply masochistic, about the fuliginous black and scarlet of Bloch's imagination. So that although I cannot withhold admiration for the power and beauty of this work, I feel at the same time a degree of resentment of the kind which the Wagner of *Parsifal* and the Tchaikovsky of the Sixth Symphony inspire in me, because I know I am being "got at" and that the emotion behind it all is something less than noble. This grumble applies, however, more to the Bloch of earlier years (*Schelomo* was composed in 1915, when the horrors of the war were oppressing his mind) than to the composer of the masterly Piano Quintet and of the Violin Concerto. In any case, Bloch is a man of genius and one of the few living composers whose music has claims to greatness. That his output is oddly unequal is due, I feel, to the habit, which has grown upon him, of relying for thematic invention upon modal fragments. The modes are, of course, oriental; but the mere fact that they are modes at all gives his music a curious, if superficial, resemblance to that of Vaughan Williams. Bloch's themes are often rather empty in themselves, but he is not a composer whose music stands or falls by beauty of theme alone. *Schelomo* imposes itself on all serious musicians, who will, I think, find that it grows upon them. Feuermann plays the solo with majesty and a finely controlled fire, but the hair-raising *tutti fortissimi* of the orchestra tear the passion to tatters, so that one cannot hear what is going on. A steel needle is essential.

If the programme of *Schelomo* is purely spiritual, that of the *Swan of Tuonela* is purely visual. I have expatiated before on Sibelius's power of describing in sound the shapes of the natural world, so I will here content myself with the rider that asymmetry of theme is one of the means he uses to that end. Unlike Lohengrin's stage bird, the swan of Tuonela

With the R.A.F. in N.W. India

"When I came to India, I quite expected to "have to give up pipe smoking. 'Too hot, you "know,' Smoking gives you too much of a "thirst," 'Never get your own particular "brand,' 'Cigars very cheap out there, old "chap.' But not a bit of it; I've always, up till "to-day, been able to get Barneys in excellent "condition, thanks to your patent tins. I find "that when a tobacco is fresh and moist when "it is unpacked, as in the case of Barneys, it "is just as enjoyable in the Sind Desert as in "London . . ."

From a Flying Officer in N.W. India.

The Barneys "EVERFRESH" Tin has conquered time, distance and climate. It takes *factory-freshness* everywhere, In the arid desert of Sind, Barneys retains all its inherent fragrance and goodness, despite the heat and power of Indian suns. Barneys opens out as sweet and fresh as when it left its Tyneside home.

Barneys

"is just as enjoyable as in London"

Barneys (*medium*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*), Punchbowle (*full*): in "EverFresh" Tins: 1/9½d. oz.

(255) Made by John Sinclair, Ltd.

"When not floundering about in . . . periphrastic imbecility the Basic New Testament tends to be straightforwardly flat, vulgar or silly . . . By the poverty of its vocabulary, and still more by the ineptness with which it is used, Basic English has turned the New Testament into something which has not even the value attaching to a lucid exposition of fact. One can only wonder what further havoc the sponsors are planning."—HUGH KINGSMILL in the *New Statesman*.

THE NEW TESTAMENT IN BASIC ENGLISH

"It is a serious and scholarly attempt to put a new translation into the thousand words of Basic English. The result is a clear and lucid version, never common or mean, which goes straight to the simple essence of the meaning . . . it is not a substitute for the Authorised Version, but it is a valuable preparation for it—or again a handbook or handmaid to it."—DR ERNEST BARKER in the *Observer*.

"Such is the flexibility and precision of this new instrument of speech, that the Scriptures can be given a form that is quite startlingly arresting. If prejudice can be put aside the Basic New Testament will stand out in its grand simplicity."
C. B. MORTLOCK in *The Daily Telegraph*.

"Passage after passage reads with an astonishing freshness and dignity."
Times Literary Supplement.

"..a scholarly and satisfying version . . . it can be read for its own sake as a new, vivid and accurate translation."—*The Times*.

3s. NET : 3s. 6d. NET : 8s. 6d. NET

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Wills and Trusts in Peace and War

Desirable as it is in normal times to consider appointing the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company as your executor or as trustee of an estate or fund in which you are interested, prevailing conditions render such a step even more advisable now.

A complete and efficient service is afforded by the Company which with the aid of a specially trained and expert staff, acting in close collaboration with the organization of the Midland Bank, has gained an invaluable experience. This experience and the many important advantages attaching to the appointment of the Company to act for you are at your disposal for a moderate fee.

The benefits thus to be derived are too numerous to be mentioned here in detail. They will, however, gladly be explained by any Midland Bank branch manager in his capacity as a representative of the Executor and Trustee Company. Whatever you tell him will be treated in the strictest confidence.

If at first you are unable to call upon the manager of the branch most convenient for you, ask him to send you a copy of "*The Service of the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company*" and other informative literature. These may also be obtained from the Head Office in Poultry, London, E.C. 2.

MIDLAND BANK

EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE COMPANY LIMITED

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

Net Sales

16th July, 1941.
19a, Coleman Street, E.C.2.

We have examined the Books and Accounts of The Statesman and Nation Publishing Company Limited and certify that the average Net Sales per issue of "THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION" during the period 1st January, 1941 to 30th June, 1941 after deducting all free and voucher copies and returns received during the same period and arrived at in accordance with the formula prepared by The Audit Bureau of Circulations Ltd., were 37,183 Copies. In addition to this average of 37,183 copies there has been over the same period a weekly average sale of 1,335 introductory subscription copies at a reduced rate making

A TOTAL WEEKLY NET SALE OF

38,518

COPIES OVER THE HALF-YEAR UNDER REVIEW.

Hamilton Edey & Rowand, Chartered Accountants.

BERYL SYMONS

Magnet for Murder

7/6 *net*

A new Jane Carberry mystery. A splendid successor to "Jane Carberry: Detective" and "Jane Carberry Investigates."

RAY DORIEN

Bridal Wreath

7/6 *net*

To a host of admirers a "Ray Dorien romance" signifies a love-story of unusual freshness and charm.

SYDNEY HORLER

Doctor Cupid

7/6 *net*

"Comic relief can be obtained from 'Dr. Cupid' . . . Neatly contrived and deftly carried out."—*Times Lit. Sup.*

FLORENCE KILPATRICK

Men Are Just Marvellous!

7/6 *net*

A genuinely funny novel which shows that popular author of numerous comedies at her very best.

HERBERT JENKINS

CAMEO CORNER

26, Museum St., W.C.1

has a

SPECIAL DISPLAY IN ITS MAIN WINDOW

of

Victorian Jewellery,
inaigrettes,
ases,
erge Watches,
estments of Velvet,
ictory Chariots
and
aluables of all
kinds.

progresses with fearful smoothness; the cor anglais theme is a ribbon that unwinds from one end—in the direction of the swan's advance. The impression of endlessness is extraordinary—an intimation of eternity in sound; this short piece is one of the supreme modern examples (Bach presents the greatest of ancient ones) of a climax achieved simply by a chain of sequences, instead of by leading up to a square façade from a new direction. Gramophonists have now two or three good recordings of this piece to choose from; the new one is fine enough, but does not add anything to what we knew already and is pitched perhaps a little too consistently high in the dynamic scale.

The courage and enterprise of the Decca Company cannot be too highly commended: here we have two full-length chamber works which, if coupons were needed for musical food, would certainly use up the equivalent of a whole suit. Moreover, by acquiring these two quartets together, admirers of Dvořák have an excellent opportunity of discovering how greatly he improved as a composer, though always within the limits of a single style. The earlier work, though distinctly inferior by comparison with its magnificent successor, is far from feeble in itself. There is a strong Czech flavour and—in those innocent tunes played in octaves on the piano—more than a reminiscence of Schubert's chamber music. The variations of the second movement are delightfully ingenious and make full use of the occasion to exploit all manner of rhythms and moods. Immaturity shows chiefly in diffuseness and weakness in the working-out of the longer movements. The strength of the composer who has worked in sonata-form for years lies in knowing how to telescope recapitulations and generally to lighten the second half of a movement with new material. Another invariable sign of maturity is an increased inventiveness in the figuration and ability to use this to cover joins in the framework and link the themes together. All these features are fully apparent in the E flat Quartet, which is one of the high-water marks of Dvořák's chamber music—a work instinct with a ripe loveliness, dramatic in its developments, and without a single dull page. The fabric is full of harmonic interest: note the surprisingly beautiful change from E to E flat just before the recapitulation in the first movement, and the coda of the Lento which displays one of the discoveries of romantic harmony; the breaking-up of the surface of a common chord over a whole sequence of bars, without modulating into another key—a device of which the Prelude to *Das Rheingold* is the most extreme example, and of which in another art Seurat and Monet were the masters. The performance of these quartets is a little impaired by the first violin, who seems to be slightly lower in standard than the rest of the ensemble; but the difference is not enough greatly to diminish one's enjoyment of these most welcome records. The standard of recording is very high indeed.

So is that of the Moeran Trio where the performance is even finer. For the music I cannot pretend enthusiasm. The genre is that of Vaughan Williams, the idiom inexorably modal. Built up mainly out of figures used contrapuntally, the work achieves an indefinite pastoral effect of rather pallid charm—like a water-colour sketch by, say, De Wint. The Adagio has rather more to it than the other movements, but suffers, like the whole, from one fatal defect—lack of authenticity.

The latest Moiseiwitsch record is worth having. The Liszt Etude, quite apart from the lacy beauty of its arabesques and curlicues, is one of the best tests of a performer's ability to surmount the heavy touch of the modern piano; in Liszt's day the chromatic flutter must have been quite easy to achieve. Moiseiwitsch comes off with flying colours, but I wish he had refrained from replacing the final plain, quiet bars with a cadenza which may be more "effective" but spoils the shape of the piece.

Messrs. Rawicz and Landauer's two-piano arrangement of one of the most delicious waltzes in existence gave me enormous pleasure; with its canonic effects it is astonishingly skilful and played with the brilliant correctness—and much less of the mechanical rhythm—of a pianola. There is not a note out of place and the fun is irresistible.

Never having heard the "Haugtussa" song cycle, but prejudiced in its favour by last month's batch of Grieg songs, I expected a good deal. I was disappointed. There seems to me too little lyricism, and far too much arch imitation of natural sounds in the telling of this rather commonplace little story, which is, moreover, very ill-suited to Mme. Flagstad's superb, but inflexible and after all not very expressive voice. The obvious fact that the singer was placed far too near the microphone makes for a continuous bawling effect which spoils the simple pathos of the best songs in the cycle—*In the Bilberry Hills* and *Love*. Grieg can be more worthily presented than this, and so can Mme. Flagstad.

Count McCormack's voice never seems to vary, but there are occasions when his pronunciation sounds more affected than at others, and this is one of them. Yet his sustaining of the notes in the Bach chorale is astoundingly perfect, and mention must also be made of Mr. Moore's accompaniment, which is an absolute model. The Handel seems rather heavily arranged for the piano.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 599

Set by L. Casaubon

The number of animal species domesticated by man is surprisingly small. A first prize of two guineas and a second prize of half a guinea are offered for the best suggestions, in not more than 16 lines of verse, for further experiment in domestication.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, August 4th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 596

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes are offered for the best worst line or lines of English poetry taken preferably from the great. Name of author and poem must be given and also sufficient context. An example occurs in Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*:

> But tell me, tell me! speak again,
> Thy soft response renewing—
> What makes that ship drive on so fast?
> What is the ocean doing?

Competitors are warned to go easy on "Wilkinson's Spade," etc.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

This competition was as popular as scandal. There was a rush to wash publicly the dirty poetical linen of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Blake and Alfred Austen and Co. How much the enthusiasm owed to the fact that Mr. Wyndham Lewis's *Stuffed Owl* is a very handy anthology, I am too refined to say, and while Wordsworth and Tennyson are a gift they are very much the home front. Against this grumble, competitors can console themselves with the confession that, up till now, I had thought some of their bad verse rather good. The more I read

the more doubtful I became. Changes in taste, in stress and, of course, the unearned increment of *double entendre*, take their toll; we get our laugh and especially at a tenderness which has entirely gone and which seems to us insipid or namby-pamby; still, have we the right to retrospective legislation? Ladies in the nineteenth century liked to be compared to bleating lambs; the she-wolf always has. Of course, I agree with the 500-odd competitors who sent in Wordsworth's:

Few months of life has he in store
As he to you will tell
For still the more he walks, the more
Did his weak ankles swell.

But what about Dryden's:

How the warm planet ripens and sublimes
The well-bak'd beauties of the southern climes!

Not good, but isn't that a different poetical climate from ours, that touch of neat suburban smugness which is the dead line of eighteenth-century verse? Pope abounds in it. And, of course, there is the "Sophonisba O" school to which A. G. B. contributes—a genuine piece of research here:

Oh Ruksh, my horse.
Ruksh, now thou grievest; but O Ruksh, thy feet . . .

from Matthew Arnold. Arnold made a greater mess of meaningless proper names than any other poet.

Prize giving, I'm afraid, will cause indignation, but after all, competitors are no doubt proud to say they did not write this rot themselves, and so I am dividing the prize by eight among the following: A. J. Wilton, for Coleridge's "Mary and the Dairy"; Towanbucket, for an ill-timed dig in the ribs from Francis Thompson; Jontik, for a Freudian verse of Blake's; Harold Hemingway, for an inquiry by George Darley; A. H., for finding something topical in Shenstone; George Whiting's too curious line from Dryden and a very funny Christina Rossetti (for which he gets two shares); and J. H. Macphail, for John Edwards's cow.

The worst line in English poetry, in my opinion, is by William Shakespeare:

When first thine eye I eyed.

PRIZE-WINNERS

COLERIDGE: THE THREE GRAVES

Well! it passed off! the gentle Ellen
Did well nigh dote on Mary;
And she went oftener than before,
And Mary loved her more and more:
She managed all the dairy.

A. J. WILTON

FROM DRYDEN:

Die for us both. I have not leisure now.

GEORGE WHITING

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Day after day, night after night
From lamb to lamb the shepherds went
With teapots for the bleating mouths
Instead of nature's nourishment.

GEORGE WHITING

FRANCIS THOMPSON: ASSUMPTA MARIA

Open wide thy gates, O Virgin,
That the King may enter thee!
At all gates the clamours gurge in,
God's paludament lightens, see.

TOWANBUCKET

BLAKE: SONGS FROM AN ISLAND IN THE MOON

And as he ran to seek his mother
He met with a dead woman.
He fell in love and married her—
A deed which is not common!

JONTIK

GEORGE DARLEY: SONG

And what are cheeks but ensigns oft
That wave hot youth to fields of blood?
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
Do Greece or Ilium any good?

HAROLD HEMINGWAY

SHENSTONE:

THE JUDGMENT OF HERCULES

Will Lyttelton the rural landskip range
Leave noisy fame, and not regret the change?
Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early scenes,
And learn a moral from the rising greens?

A. H.

JOHN EDWARDS:

A TOUR OF THE DOVE (1821)

O Chantrey, thy incomparable skill
Could I command, I might employ it now:
For, on the apex of that conic hill,
There stands—in listless apathy—a cow.

J. H. MACPHAIL

VITAL BOOKS

Your purchase of one or other of the books described in this advertisement is not an extravagance, but a wise and profitable investment. It is impossible to measure the worth of these publications by their published price. The Health benefits, both Physical and Mental, and the Vital Information provided to you represents safe and positive dividends which will repay your investment many times over. Endorsed and recommended by the highest authorities, these books are of vital importance. Make your selection now.

THE TECHNIQUE OF SEX

By ANTHONY HAVIL, B.A. Post paid 5/6

Written by a young medical man specialising in Obstetrics and Gynæcology, this new illustrated work is a complete guide to every aspect of sex. The contents cover—Anatomy—Physiology—The Psychology of Sex—The Sex Act—Pregnancy and Labour—Contraception—Abortion—Venereal Diseases—Prostitution—Impotence and Sterility.

"Within the pages of this book is contained a survey of the Anatomy, Physiology, Psychology, and Sociology of sex. The feat has been performed by Mr. Havil in a competent fashion. The subject could not be more adequately dealt with within the limitations of a work of this size."

Cambridge University Medical Society Magazine.

By RENNIE MACANDREW.

LIFE LONG LOVE

Healthy Sex and Marriage Post paid 5/-

The purpose of this book is to prevent or help solve some of the problems of love in men and women, and to increase human understanding.

"Its great merit consists in its straightforwardness of expression . . . its scientific simplicity. It should prove a very useful textbook." *New Statesman and Nation.*

"—eminently sensible but far from dull . . . Particularly refreshing. . . . The book will be appreciated by those who are tired of the stupidities that have been published."

Cambridge University Medical Society Magazine.

APPROACHING MANHOOD
APPROACHING WOMANHOOD
Each, post paid 3/10

Parents, teachers, religious leaders and social workers recognise the vital need of accurate books of sex instruction for boys and young men, girls and young women. These books adequately fill that need.

"In every way admirable for the purpose—simply and concisely written—pleasantly informative. . . ."

Cambridge University Medical Society Magazine.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AFFAIRS AND MARRIAGE. Post paid 5/-

"An explanation of men to women and women to men—to clarify ideas—to illustrate the differences of Friendship, Love and Marriage. . . . . Many people will find it very helpful . . . . a wealth of practical hints . . . ."

Cambridge University Medical Society Magazine.

THE RED LIGHT. Post paid 1/9

A book of sane and logical instruction on Intimate Hygiene for Men and Women.

"Frankly written—sincere and unsuggestive—as indispensable to those in uniform as a Service Gas Mask—the best eighteenpenny worth in its line yet published."

Superman.

THE REALITIES OF MARRIAGE. By Dr. G. C. BEALE. This work deals in a comprehensive manner with the whole subject. It is a necessary book alike for the married and those contemplating marriage 6/6

WOMAN'S CHANGE OF LIFE. An entirely practical book which will prove of inestimable value to every woman. "Modern Woman" says:—"Middle-aged women will find much to help them" ... 5/6

THE RIDDLE OF SEX. By Dr. J. TENENBAUM. This work gives answers to all questions concerning sex. It includes a minimum of theory and the maximum of direct physiological information ... 8/-

FAMILY LIMITATION—The Natural Way. By D. MURRAY DAVEY. To many people, because of religious or other convictions, artificiality in the matter of Birth Control is repugnant. This new book is intended for those people. It describes in detail a proved method ... 1/3

THE HEART. The Prevention and Cure of Cardiac Conditions. By JAS. C. THOMSON. The author in this book presents in non-technical language an explanation of the Natural treatment of Heart Diseases 4/-

BLOOD PRESSURE. By JAS. C. THOMSON. The how and why of low and high blood pressure and the simple naturopathic home treatment for this prevalent condition is fully explained 4/-

MEMORY EFFICIENCY AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT. By J. L. ORTON. An efficient memory is the basis of all success. This book shows you "How to memorise, How to acquire a photographic memory," etc., etc. 4/-

BETTER SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES. By H. BENJAMIN. The author cured himself of approaching blindness, and has embodied his methods in this book ... 4/4

HOW TO OBTAIN HEALTHY HAIR. By JAS. C. THOMSON. With full particulars of the Home Treatment for Scalp Disorders, including Baldness, Dandruff, Alopecia, Areata, Falling Hair, etc. ... 1/3

All Prices Include Postage.

THORSONS, Publishers
Dept. 169, 91, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.2
Complete Catalogue Free on Request.

LONDON FIREMAN "tells the World"

Dear Sirs,—I have always been a disbeliever in so-called 'patent medicines' until after a very severe blitz several months ago in which I received a very bad shaking and a friend gave me a couple of 'ASPROS'. Now I feel it is my duty to 'tell the world' what a wonderful standby they have been to me in my job as an Auxiliary Fireman. On blitz nights when it is impossible to get relief and 20 hour stretches are quite common and the mobile canteen is unable to get round to us, I find that a couple of 'ASPROS' is food and drink to me and puts new life into me.

It is also the finest remedy I know for the aches and pains which we get, owing to getting wet through. Yours faithfully,

AUXILIARY FIREMAN, London.

'ASPRO' Put New Life in him on long spells of duty

The world has been thrilled by the magnificent courage and service of Britain's Firemen. Now here, one of them wants to "tell the world" of the help 'ASPRO' has rendered him. We are proud to publish his letter, confident that many of the general public will be helped by reading it. For **the soothing, healing services of 'ASPRO' are available to all.** Why not try 'ASPRO' tablets for yourself? The calm and comfort they bring have to be experienced to be believed.

HELPING THE NATION BY HELPING THE WORKERS

MISS CONSTANCE SPENCER writes:—"I may say that **'ASPROS' have done more to steady my nerves than anything. They have proved their value to me in the long ago, but they are worth their weight in gold to me in these trying times. In the big canteen where I work at an air factory there's over 500 dinners served out every day and I notice 'ASPRO' gets served almost every day as well,** for I've told the tired workers that they can't do better for themselves than take **'ASPROS'. My mother is 75 and never goes to bed at night without taking two of your tablets.**"

NERVES WONDERFULLY STEADIED

MRS. ANTONIA E. GRAY, of 8, Nightingale Road, Faversham, Kent, writes:—"I still find great benefit in taking the **'ASPROS,' especially for the broken nights' rest we are all getting. They steady my nerves wonderful.**"

SERGEANT ON OVERSEAS SERVICE PRAISES 'ASPRO'

E. H. B. (Sgt.), Army Post Office, writes:—"The last time I wrote you I was residing at Wood Green, but since then I have come away on Active Service. **When I left England 'ASPROS' went with me and they have stopped me having many colds out here where it is suddenly hot then bitterly cold and more rain than I ever thought possible.** May I take this opportunity of thanking you for producing such a wonderful commodity."

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA	COLDS	RHEUMATISM
HEADACHES	LUMBAGO	ALCOHOLIC
SLEEPLESSNESS	IRRITABILITY	AFTER EFFECTS
OR INSOMNIA	NEURITIS	PAINS PECULIAR
NEURALGIA	HAY FEVER	TO WOMEN
SCIATICA	NERVE SHOCK	MALARIA
GOUT	TOOTHACHE	ASTHMA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula

'ASPRO' REG. TRADE MARK — PRICES INCLUDING PURCHASE TAX 3½D 7D 1'5 2'10

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK 'ASPRO'

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By URBANUS

AMERICAN LOAN—ANTI-INFLATION PAPER—RAILWAYS

THE City is entitled to be gratified by the announcement of an American loan of $425 millions to the British Government secured by the pledging of our remaining liquid and direct investments in the United States. This loan will avoid the necessity in future of piecemeal or hasty realisation of our American assets. The coming dividend announcement of Courtaulds will probably remind the City of the harm already done to Courtaulds shareholders by the recent "forced" sale of that company's interest in American Viscose. It has not been forgotten that the British American Tobacco Company reduced its dividend following the pledging of its dollar interests in the Brown and Williamson Tobacco. The collateral for the present loan of $425 millions consists, first, of securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange of a present market value of $205 millions, secondly, of unlisted securities valued at $115 millions, including the American subsidiaries of Linen Thread, Distillers, Dunlop, Coats, and Hecht Levis and Kahn, and, thirdly, of the capital stock of 41 British-owned insurance companies in America with a net value of $180 millions—a total of $500 millions. Interest on the loan, which will mature in fifteen years, will carry interest at 3 per cent. The dollar interest and dividends on the collateral, together with the earnings of the United States branches of the 41 British insurance companies which have averaged about $36 millions a year, will be paid to the American Government to meet the payment of interest on the loan and the accumulation of a sinking fund at the rate of $7½ millions a year. The British Government reserves the right to sell the pledged assets at any time and apply the proceeds to the reduction of the outstanding loan. Management and ownership of the securities remain, of course, in the hands of the present owners and the British shareholders will presumably receive from the British Government the sterling equivalent of their former dollar income. On the whole, it is a very satisfactory plan. We get the dollars we need, Washington gets the security its financiers want (the loan being self-liquidating), British business men retain the management of their American properties, and there will be no forced sales of our remaining assets in the United States. But why was not this procedure adopted in the first place?

* * *

The half-yearly dividends of the home railways should be announced by the end of this week. Recently there has been quite a demand for the junior preference stocks and prices compare well with those ruling in July, 1940:

	1940 Interim	Price Year ago	Present Price	Yield %
L.M.S. 4% pref. ...	2%	47	59½	6.75
L.M.S. 4% (1923) pref....	2%	36	42½	9.40
L. & N.E. 4% 1st pref.	2%	33	43	9.33
Southern 5% Pref. Ord....	2½%	46	53	9.42

This rise does not mean that the market is convinced that the Railway Agreement with the Government will stand. It implies that the railways secured such a favourable bargain that, even if it is scaled down, it will not endanger the preference stock dividends. Believe it or not, the railway managers got the Government to agree (1) that the railways were *entitled* to earn up to "standard" revenues, which were *pre*-1914 *war*: (2) that the railways could pocket £7½ millions, plus an extra £3½ millions (for extra work!) above the combined earnings of the four main line companies in 1938 and of the London Passenger Transport Board in 1939; (3) that as regards earnings in excess of this generous "pool" (amounting to £44½ millions a year) the railways could retain *half* up to the standard revenues (£56 millions); (4) that the Government would bind itself to raise railway rates and charges to meet every increase in operational costs. This last clause was so one-sided, so dangerously inflationary, that it has been invoked only twice—to cover the increase in railway costs up to the end of June, 1940. Since then the Government has not dared to outrage public opinion again. It has tacitly committed itself to subsidising the railways on the quiet. A revision of this scandalous agreement is overdue, but for the moment the railways are protected against any of the economic risks of war, are guaranteed for the duration more revenue than they obtained in 1938, and are entitled to share with the Government in any excess profits until they receive a standard revenue fixed years ago on an over-capitalisation.

* * *

Here is a switch in the home railway market. Sell Southern Railway 5 per cent. preference stock at 98 yielding £5 2s. per cent. and buy London Midland and Scottish 4 per cent. preference stock at 59½ to yield £6 15s. per cent. There is very little difference in the underlying security behind these two issues. On the basis of the Government guarantee of railway revenues about 76 per cent. of the Southern Railway's net revenue is required to cover its preference dividend against 81 per cent. in the case of the London Midland and Scottish. The Southern Railway preference is, of course, still a trustee stock.

For smiling HEALTH
SANDWICHES IN WAR-TIME. Send p.c. for FREE Booklet, HOVIS LTD. (Dept. 61), Macclesfield.
HOVIS
TRADE MARK
IT'S RICH IN VITAMIN 'B'
BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Issued by STEPHEN MITCHELL & SON, *Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Limited. St. Andrew Square, Glasgow.*

SUMMER SCHOOL

SUMMER SCHOOL

THE INDUSTRIAL AND SOCIAL ORDER COUNCIL of the Society of Friends are holding a Summer Lecture and Holiday School at Sibford School, near Banbury, August 15th/18th.

Subject: "PRESENT AND FUTURE DEVELOPMENTS IN INDUSTRY, POLITICS AND SOCIAL LIFE."

Lecturers: ANEURIN BEVAN, M.P.; W. H. THOMPSON; JOHN A. HUGHES, etc.

Charge: Approximately £1.

All particulars from the Secretary, JOYCE WELLS, 47A Middleton Hall Road, King's Norton, Birmingham, 30.

SPECIALISED TRAINING

BIRKBECK COLLEGE
(University of London)

Autumn Term begins on Saturday, September 6th. Applications for admission from men and women who desire to read at the week-ends for degrees in the Faculties of Arts and Science or for the Diploma in Geography should be addressed to THE CLERK, Birkbeck College, E.C.4.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal: MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years. Fee £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF SPEECH TRAINING AND DRAMATIC ART (Incorporated).

Recognised as an approved course for the Diploma in Dramatic Art of London University.

Courses of training for: (a) Teachers of Speech and Drama, (b) Speech Therapy, (c) the Stage.

Term opens September 20th.

Apply: The Registrar, Central School, Reed Hall, Exeter.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

KINGSLEY HOTEL. Near the British Museum. Telephones in all bedrooms. From 9s. 6d. per night.

ASK for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 165 INNS and HOTELS managed by the PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD.
P.R.H.A. LTD., 193 Regent Street, W.1.

ROCKINGHAM. Westward Ho! Devon. Quiet, comf. hse. peaceful sur. Mod. inc. terms. MISS FOLL. Northam 183.

WOODY-BAY HOTEL, Parracombe, N. Devon. Quiet, peaceful, safe area. H. & C. all rooms, spring mattresses, good food, farm produce, central heating, licensed. From 3½ *guineas*, inclusive. Parracombe 64

A BEAUTIFUL place in West Surrey in a Pixieland setting. Five acres lovely grounds, excellent cuisine, quiet, convenient, on Hindhead-Midhurst-Farnham bus service. Moderate terms. Morris Lodge Hotel, Gong Hill, near Farnham, Surrey. 'Phone: Frensham 362.

WOODSTOCK Guest House, Charlton Singleton, Sussex. Mod. cntry hse, every comf. 3 *gns.* p.w. Singleton 200.

PENN CLUB, 22 Bedford Place, W.C.1 (Mus. 4718). Quiet accommodation, comfortable lounges, hot and cold water in all bedrooms. Weekly terms from £2 6s.

GREEK REST. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. OPEN till 10 p.m.—Dolmades, Shashliks (charcoal grill).

A DEGREE FOR YOU!

The Matriculation exam. need not deter those who have left their school days behind. London University Degree candidates over 23 may take the *shorter* Special Entrance Exam. Wolsey Hall Postal Courses offer many advantages; low fees, instalment terms, free loan of books, and, in the event of failure, continuation of tuition free of charge. 990 Wolsey Hall students have passed this examination.

Write for Free Guide to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Department VH12,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

CONFERENCES

THE PROGRESSIVE LEAGUE (F.P.S.I.)
SUMMER CONFERENCE

The League regrets that as all available accommodation has been filled it cannot accept any further applications. 49 Nassington Road, N.W.3.

SPEECH fellowship conference, August 1st to 5th, Godalming. Speakers: Margaret Leona; Vivian Ogilvie; Anny Boalth; Day Conference Ticket, 5s., from Sec., 9 Fitzroy Square, W.1.

SCHOLARSHIPS

AN endowed country Public School offers Scholarships and Bursaries to boys showing promise in Art, Music, Sculpture and English. Candidates may be interviewed in London or at the School. Apply Box 9659.

TO LET AND WANTED

WELL furnished room in modern court to let. Concrete building, central heating, model bathroom, near West End. Telephone: Bayswater 1932, between 9 and 11 a.m.

TO LET by the year. Small detached 4-roomed cottage, 4½ miles north of Brecon. No conveniences. Simply but adequately furnished for 3. Linen; range and oil-cooker. Rent £50 to careful tenants. References. MOSELEY, Wycombe Abbey School, Bucks.

FURNISHED rooms to let with breakfast; large garden, orchard. Norton House, Park Lane, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

WANTED, preferably unfurnished, bungalow, small house, or cottage. Rural area, West of England. 2 adults. Full details please. Box 9706.

GODALMING district. Student requires to rent room or hut. Facilities bath and cook. Box 9674.

WANTED to rent cheaply on long lease, an unfurnished or partly furnished detached small house; water laid on but electric light not essential; in real country, within 2 miles of station with reasonable daily service to London; Herts, Bucks or West Essex preferred. Box 9610.

CAMBRIDGE. Wanted by London University lecturer, 2 unfurn. rms., bath, kitchen (or cooking facilities). Box 9697.

ACCOMMODATION

PROGRESSIVE London community for young people has vacs. for residents. Vegetarian restaurant, lectures, internat. activities, etc. Apply Youth House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1.

NR. TAUNTON. Double room (2 beds), private house in self-supporting community. Reduction if help in house, farmery or garden. Miss TACCHI, Tel. North Curry 207.

DOCTOR'S wife, evacuated Lake District with daughter aged 5, offers home girl similar age. Good school available. 25s. p.w. Would also consider accommodating parent(s) if willing share work and expenses. MRS. WILSON, Ellerbeck, Crook, Nr. Kendal, Westmorland.

CHILDREN will enjoy holidays at the Children's Farm N. Devon: see educational column.

CORNWALL, nr. St. Ives. Few vacancies in small party. Bathing, climbing, etc. Box 9669.

CHELSEA. Single and double bed-sitting rooms. Free household, no restrictions. 93 Oakley Street, S.W.3. FLA 9970.

AESCULAPIUS CLUB. Ideal Naturist Resort. Safe area. Board residence. Camping sites, good travel facilities. Particulars, 5d. stamps. Warden, "Aesculapius," Hazel Rd., Bricket Wood, St. Albans.

HAMPSTEAD. 7 Lancaster Grove. University woman has divan rooms, h. and c. Gas fires. 13s.—25s. PRI. 0160.

CRUISER holiday, Thames, August 2–8th. Trio have room for fourth. May. 5894, day-time.

3-BERTH trailer caravan and lean-to; gas, electricity, also tent if desired; riverside site near London. August 16th onwards. From 2½ *gns.* weekly. Box 9689.

Wanted

EDUCATED young man, misfit, interests literature, travel, etc., desires P.G. August-September with congenial young people. Box 9679.

CARDIFF. Woman Civil Servant (31) requires room(s) with congenial family. Could provide some furniture. Box 9675

YOUNG professional man and wife with baby require small unfurnished house, cottage or flat within reasonable distance London; would consider sharing. Box 9712.

TYPEWRITING, LITERARY, &c.

FOR efficient Duplicating and Typing—EFFICIENCY LETTER SERVICE, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Holborn 0158 (same building as *New Statesman*).

DUPLICATING, TYPEWRITING, SHORTHAND, Manuscripts, Plays, Specifications. METROPOLITAN TYPEWRITING AND REPORTING OFFICES, 2 Glenhurst Avenue, London, N.W.5. CHA. 7839 and SPE. 2820.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 191A), Palace Gate, W.8.

YOUR SURPLUS REVIEW COPIES, and any other Books Bought for Cash. L. SIMMONDS, 184 FLEET STREET, E.C.4. (Holborn 5440.)

QUAKERISM. Information and literature respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends' Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

BOOKS
FOR ALL OCCASIONS
STUDY : RECREATION : SPORT
REFERENCE : RESEARCH : GIFTS

SEND TO

TRUSLOVE & HANSON

Where you will find a large stock of books on all subjects and the specialised help of trained assistants for any special query.

All books reviewed or advertised in this number supplied at shortest possible notice. Still a "best seller" we recommend you to read—

INTO BATTLE Being the speeches since May, 1939, of the Prime Minister **WINSTON CHURCHILL.**
8/6 net. Post 7d.

Write for our list of books at Bargain Prices.

14a, CLIFFORD STREET,
(New Bond St.) LONDON, W.1 (Reg. 6493.)

ANGLO-AMERICAN UNION? See
FEDERAL UNION NEWS
2d. Fortnightly
No. 69 Just Out.
Buy your copy NOW at Smith's Bookstall on any big station.
Published by Federal Union Ltd., 3, Gower St., W.C.1

PRUNING YOUR LIBRARY?

Best Prices given for Review and Used Books on:

Politics, Economics, Current Affairs,

Etc., Etc.

SEND LISTS ONLY
To COLLET'S, DEPT. S.H.,
67, Gt. Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

PURELY PERSONAL

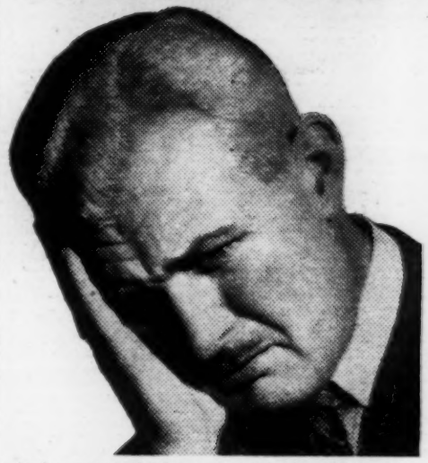
THINK OF A SUM of money, double it, add 1s. 4d., halve it, take away the amount you first thought of—and you will have just enough to buy a King Six 8d. Cigar.

LIFT THE BAN
ON THE
DAILY WORKER

"Why not let us have the benefit of their lively critical minds?"
(Manchester Guardian, on lifting the ban, July 17th.)

Write to: DAILY WORKER Defence Leagues, 150 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1
'Phone: TER. 6637

RELIEF FROM THE WORST
HEADACHE



Anxiety or mental strain is liable to cause severe frontal headaches. Don't let one of these bad heads exhaust and disable you—take 2 tablets of Phensic and rest a few minutes. Phensic is safe, quick—and **SURE.**

"I have been a martyr to Migraine until I was told a few weeks ago to try Phensic. I took two of your most wonderful tablets and in ten minutes I was free from pain and feeling fit."
M. S., Luton

SIMPLY TAKE
2 Tablets of
Prices 3½d, 7d, 1/3, 3/3 and 5/8
(Including Purchase Tax)
Phensic
Pronounced "FEN-ZIK" BRAND
TWO TABLETS GIVE MAGIC RELIEF